Dr A H Strickler
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# The Messenger.

*"As the Truth is in Jesus."*

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## Poetry.

### TO THE HANDS OF THE LORD JESUS:

*After St. Bernard and Paul Gerhardt.**

BY REV. C. P. KRAUTH, D. D., LL. D.

Thou blessed Shepherd, hail!
Whose hands all pierced and riven,
Are with the holy roses filled,
Whose sweetness gladdens heaven.
The bleeding prints of nails
Which tore them on the tree,
These are the roses, which Thy hands
Bear, blooming still for me

Wide open are Thy hands,
*Paying with more than gold,*
The awful debt of guilty men,
Forever and of old—
Ah, let me grasp those hands,
That we may never part,
And let the power of their blood,
Sustain my fainting heart.

Wide open are Thine arms,
A fallen world to embrace,
To take to love, and endless rest,
Our whole forsaken race.
Lord, I am sad and poor,
But boundless is Thy grace;
Give me the soul-transforming joy,
For which I seek Thy face.

Draw all my mind and heart,
Up to Thy throne on high,
And let thy sacred cross exalt
My spirit to the sky.
O, let me die with Thee,
Thy bleeding heart beside;
Let sin which lives and reigns in me,
With Thee be crucified.

To these Thy loving hands
Whose pangs were wrought by me,
My trembling lips I fain would press,
To all eternity:
To these Thy mighty hands
My spirit I resign,
Living, I live alone to Thee,
Dying, alone am Thine.

—*Lutheran and Missionary.*

January 5th, 1880.

*Prepared for the forthcoming translation of Wildenhahn's Paul Gerhardt.

## Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

### "BY PRAYER AND FASTING."

As regards the influence of natural food in common life, two things are to be noted: 1. The close connection of the quality of the food with the condition of the body; and 2. the close connection between the condition of the body as resulting from food and the state of the mind. All sensible people recognize the wide difference between wholesome and unwholesome meats and drinks. A man who merely takes health into account will abstain from certain kinds of food; or if he allows himself all kinds, there are times when from some he feels constrained to abstain. He governs his appetite by considerations of health.

Professional men regulate eating and drinking in their relation to intellectual pursuits. They consider at least three things: the quality and the quantity of food, and in addition to this, the time of eating. Some articles of food so afflict the nervous system as to promote clearness and freedom of thought. Other articles stupify the brain and unfit the mind for study. The effect varies in different individuals. Every student, therefore, finds it necessary to decline some articles of food; at least there are times when he must put restraint upon appetite both as regards the choice of dishes, and also as to quantity.

Here is a natural law universally recognized. Common prudence dictates conformity to it. The day laborer does not abstain from anything because there is virtue in abstinence on its own account, but because indulgence is prejudicial to bodily health and strength. The same principle governs a scholar. He does not abstain from this or that arbitrarily. He abstains from a given kind of food, because such food is unfavorable to progress and efficiency in his studies.

This law asserts itself with equal force in the sphere of religion. Here the close connection of food with the condition of the body and the activities of the soul, touch moral character and spiritual life. The old adage: "A sound mind in a sound body," involves a principle that must be applied to faith and godliness. We may say: A healthy spirit in a healthy body; or the vigor of faith, hope, charity, presupposes the best state of mind and body. All meats and drinks are somewhat stupifying, at least for a time; but some are much more stupifying, and I may add, sensualizing in their effects than others. Every earnest Christian who addresses himself conscientiously and earnestly to the cultivation of a spiritual and heavenly mind, will soon learn from experience that some articles of food are far less unfavorable to a receptive state of his heart in the reading of Scripture, in the contemplation of divine things, and in public worship, than others. No rule can be given which is applicable with equal propriety to all; as the physical constitution and the temperament vary as much as one individual from another. But the general principle challenges conscientious regard. A person who is devoting a particular time to humiliation and prayer, to meditation on Scripture, and special communion with his glorified Lord, will abstain from meats and drinks which have a stupifying or sensualizing influence upon his body and mind. Moreover he will have conscientious regard to quantity. Of such things which he deems less unfavorable to spiritual contemplation than others, he will eat moderately; for any excess in partaking of things in themselves good and wholesome is prejudicial not only to a healthy body and a clear mind, but especially to the freedom and buoyancy of meditation and prayer.

Men of the world and Christian people are alike constrained to observe the law governing the quality and quantity of food. But the principle on which a follower of Christ respects this law is Christian. Common prudence may indeed in him, as in all sensible people, dictate respect for health and comfort. But for him bodily health and mental elasticity are an inferior good. Indeed health of mind and body are truly good and precious only in their subordinate relation to spiritual culture. The true motive prompting a Christian to abstain from this or that, or to eat with moderation of things wholesome, is not worldly prudence, or respect for progress in learning or science. For him the scriptural motive is that body and mind may be better fitted for edifying communion with Christ. Whether he eats or does not eat, whether of things proper he takes more or less, in either case he has supreme regard to spiritual health. When he eats he does it as unto the Lord. This principle the apostle Paul teaches explicitly. When from this or that the Christian refrains, or when at one time he takes less food than at another, it is as unto the Lord that he does not eat. That it may be truly scriptural and evangelical, the controlling motive constraining abstinence from food at stated times or seasons, must be that he may have higher, more absorbing fellowship with Christ, and may make better progress in practical godliness.

In abstaining from food for its own sake there is no merit, neither from such fasting does the new life derive any gain. The man who eats wholesome food in Lent, is just for this reason no worse either morally or spiritually. He who refrains from eating, is just for this reason alone no better. Indeed they who do not observe the lenten fast may be more conscientious and consistent Christians, than those who make it a point to honor all external regulations. Fasting in the nature of the case cannot be in itself a spiritual good. Just as on the ordinary plane of life there is neither wisdom or prudence in arbitrary abstinence from wholesome food. Fasting rightly observed is a means—a means to a spiritual end. Whether men deny themselves either from earthly or from Christian considerations, fasting does not in whole or in part endow them with that righteousness and holiness on account of which they are accepted before God. The worth of conscientious moderation or of abstinence, is to be seen in this, that thereby we may lessen the hinderances arising from our fallen, sensual nature to the devout and edifying communion of faith with Christ. As these hinderances become less, spiritual life is more free, faith may be more intense; the perception of heavenly realities clearer; and communion in the Spirit with Christ glorified, more intimate and ennobling.

Our Lord partook of common meats and drinks. He even honored festivals by His presence. But on all occasions he ate moderately. Appetite was governed by a faultless will. Yet though He was never betrayed into excess or even into impropriety, there were times when for Him it was wise to fast. Though He does not make His example an external law, He distinctly recognizes the value of such discipline.

The healing of the lunatic is an instance. This man possessed with a demon, His disciples could not deliver. When our Lord by a word cast out the demon, the disciples inquired why they could not cast him out? And Jesus said unto them: "Because of your unbelief." Then He adds: "Howbeit this kind goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting." He teaches them that ordinary faith does not suffice to reach such a case of severe affliction. This kind of demoniacal possession can be healed by only such faith as is cultivated by means of prayer and fasting.

A weak faith and some spirituality we may possess with little prayer and no fasting. But if we wish to cultivate strong faith, and experience the riches of grace, and grow in spiritual wisdom, it is needful that we devote much time to prayer, and keep under the appetites of the body, so that our sensual nature may not limit and restrain the motions of the soul.

## Communications.

For the Messenger.

### CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN.

The readers of the MESSENGER may be interested to learn how Christmas was celebrated in this part of the empire of the sea. We noticed that by some of the foreigners of Yokohama and Tokio, judging from the preparations, that Christmas day was hailed with much the same joy that we were accustomed to see the day hailed in America. It is surprising to see how much of a hold the day has upon the hearts and minds of the people, either by the power of childhood recollections, or, by a deep interest in the fact, which the day commemorates. Christmas is fast becoming known and celebrated by the natives also, and before many years, Christmas will have taken the place of the many holidays now observed throughout the country in honor of the emperors and gods.

The external preparations for the day consisted in trimming of the gates and entrances of the houses with evergreens and oranges, which are plentiful this season of the year. There were also some Christmas trees and Christmas dinners, as usual on this day. The trimming of the large gates and entrances of houses so profusely, is, I am told, an English custom. In the afternoon before Christmas, the Union Church Sunday School for foreign children, where Mrs. Gring teaches, had a Christmas service, distribution of gifts, and dissolving views, where over a hundred children and their parents were made very happy. It reminded one of a home Sunday School Christmas time. How wonderful to see such a service held here in Japan, a heathen land. In the evening before Christmas we were invited to the Ferris Ladies Seminary, in charge of Miss Witbeck, (Dutch Reformed) near by, to participate in a Christmas Eve service, given to the Japanese ladies of the seminary.

We, with others, were shown into a large room, separated by folding doors, and the floor covered with nice soft mats. Here were a number of Japanese ladies, all nicely dressed, in their own graceful and attractive way, sitting Japanese fashion, on the floor, with their parents, brothers, and sisters, back of them. How I wished that the young ladies of the various seminaries in America, could see these ladies well trained in a seminary in Japan. I am sure that all of them would go away determined to do something for the Christian education of their sex in Japan, who, but for the proper Christian culture, would be interesting and helpful members of the best society in America.

There was a sameness, and yet a variety of appearance about them, which was far from being unattractive. In a group of American girls or young ladies, of the same age, one would expect to find a variety of color of hair, and different ways of dressing it. Also a variety of color of eyes, and a variety of dress. But in a group of Japanese ladies, you have no variety of hair, it is all jet black, and put up by the same mould, in a way indescribable, but very becoming to them. They use a great deal of pomatum in dressing their hair, and when finished, it looks very glossy, and as though it was moulded. This is done by lady hair dressers, called *Onna gami gui*, (lady hair tier,) because the hair is tied. Their sparkling eyes are as black as their hair, and their dress of a variety of material of various colors, all made in the same surplice style, with a wide highly ornamented sash, looped very gracefully at the back, and clean white socks on their feet.

The services were opened by singing, the ladies gathered around the organ. I should judge from what I have heard of Japanese singing, that their voices are all pitched low, and not very well suited to our Western style of music. They have very little range in their voices, and their ears are not yet trained to appreciate the harmony of sounds. The voices of both men and women are weak, infantile, and monotonous, caused perhaps by the peculiar way of conning their books and scriptures aloud while young, and the exposed way of living.

After singing, followed by a short prayer in Japanese, after which the folding doors were thrown back, and there before them all, stood a fine large Christmas tree, all richly lighted, and its branches bending under gifts of various kinds. Then followed several suitable addresses, one by a native minister, and another, by Rev. J. H. Ballagh, founder of the first Protestant Church in Japan. Then came the distribution of the gifts which we helped to distribute to the ladies, who were much delighted, and also their friends. Then followed an hour in pleasant conversation, which all seemed to enjoy. We left with a quickened zeal for the study of the language, the only barrier between us and the people. The severest trial, or test of a missionary, is the interval between the first setting foot upon a heathen soil, and the time he first begins to mingle with the natives as minister.

On Christmas morning I attended a service at the Methodist chapel. They had prepared a few Christmas gifts for their Sunday-school children, and had them recite in concert their Scripture lessons, which they did very nicely. They have good memories, and most of their instruction is by memorizing, so that their memories are much more developed than their reasoning faculties. It was curious to notice how the children received their gifts from the hands of the minister, and those who assisted him. Each one as they received their gifts, bowed their heads, and raised the gift above their heads, to signify that they received it from a boo or one superior. This is the common way of receiving among them, and is quite impressive.

In our own home, the afternoon and evening of Christmas day was spent in the society of a few missionary friends. It is needless to say, that many were the recollections of Christmas in America, and we felt that the Christians in America would set a higher value on their opportunities and privileges, were they to spend but one year in another land. We are very well.

Yours truly,

AMBROSE D. GRING.

### THE DARK ABOUT US.

It has pleased God to make faith the medium of our knowledge of Him. Believing in His being and goodness, we are led to obey His commands; and with obedience following upon faith, there comes to us assurance of the doctrines taught in His word. There cannot be any possible scheme for relieving us of the necessity of approaching God through faith. "By faith we know." The intellect is always revolting at its subordination, and infinite pain fills the sinful world that refuses to believe because it cannot see. The dark is about us. To pretend to see with other eyes than those of faith, obedience, love and trust, is only to pretend. "No man hath seen God at any time," and yet "the pure in heart" do constantly behold Him.

For some minds, faith is a task and a burden; just as for some, waiting and wanting are tasks and burdens. Agnosticism (the theory that one cannot know anything about God and the life to come) gives such minds a temporary relief, but it does not last; for, after all, the old inward reasons for dealing in some way with the moral problems of life, and the spiritual demands of our nature, remain and speak and persuade. Devout souls have always admitted their defective knowledge; but they have always reckoned Religion more rational than Fatalism or Superstition, and have felt that our choice must be made out of these three. We cannot say we will have none of them; for those who cast out Religion receive either Fatalism or Superstition. The dark about us which Religion pierces with faith, is still the dark about us for the Agnostic; and bereft of faith, he will people it with ghosts of Superstition or grim phantoms of Chance. The matter about which you say "I know nothing," is so important, pressing, enduring, that you are constrained to *fear*, when you have ceased to believe—to welcome ghosts and phantoms into the secret places of your soul, after you have extinguished the lamp of Religion.—*Methodist.*

### THE PULLEY.

When God at first made man
Having a glass of blessing standing by;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honor, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature:
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

—*George Herbert.*

### LIVING IN QUIET.

A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all means of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of the domestic day."

—*Godey for March.*

If afflictions bring sin to remembrance, a fresh pardon should be sought to blot it out: "I am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake."

# Family Reading.

## THE BLESSED TASK.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

I said, "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said, "In vain I pray!"
I heard Him answer gently, "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And, oh! the depth of my content!—
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

—*Churchman.*

## EARS AND EYES.

There is a point of ethics connected with the use of the ears which is important in that particular connection and valuable on account of the general principle involved. When articulate utterances are made within hearing distance we can avoid the entrance of the sounds into our ears only by an effort. The hearing in that case is the product of a law of Nature. A man is not responsible for having heard under these circumstances, provided he has not placed himself where he supposed he would hear these utterances. It is the voluntary giving of our ears to the voice of the speaker which makes us responsible for the moral effect of his language upon our character.

This distinction, we think, is not ordinarily kept in mind in the usual employment of the English words "to hear"; but it is distinctly marked by a careful employment of the verbs "to hear" and "to listen." *To hear* always signifies the reception of the articulate sound; but *to listen* implies not only that, but also a desire and an effort to receive the sound. Whenever we use the word "hear," meaning to listen, we give it a kind of emphasis. "Hear my words," is uttered in a tone signifying that we desire the hearer to be a careful listener.

Now, listening is a very important matter. Our intellects and our whole character are greatly influenced by what we hear, and that influence is intensified and perpetuated by any voluntary attention which we may give to him that speaks. This may be illustrated by the address of our Heavenly Father to Adam after his transgression. "Because thou hast *hearkened* unto the voice of thy wife and hast eaten of the tree." It was not simply the eating, nor Adam's hearing the voice of his wife, but it was because he intelligently put himself in the way of the evil. He hearkened, or listened. In Proverbs i. 27, it is written, "Cease my son, to hear the instruction that causes to err from the words of knowledge." In this pasage, in the original Hebrew, the verb "to hear," is the same as the verb "hearken" in Genesis iii. 17. It is the sin of listening to the tempter. It is the sin of hearing anything against God.

In this day of excessive freedom it behooves us to give this subject some attentive consideration. Young men are recommended to go everywhere and hear everything. They are charged with being bigoted if they refuse to hear radical and infidel addresses in which attacks are made upon the faith in which they have been reared. It is represented as being indicative of narrowness and a want of sympathy with free thought and free speech when men decline to hear addresses which attack their faith. This is one of the devices of the enemy.

Certainly some things ought to be considered settled. Certainly there must be some sanctity in the relations of the members of the human race to one another, and to God. Surely a girl is not to be considered narrow and not open to the truth, because she is not willing to go into a public assembly to hear her father abused. Certainly a son is not to be respected who voluntarily attends an assembly to hear what can be said against the chastity of his mother. Why then should young people allow themselves to be driven into places where they hear something said against God; His word ridiculed; His government criticised; His name blasphemed? So far from its not being right to avoid putting one's self in this position, it is really a sin to listen to the tempter voluntarily for one moment. The instruction which causes us to err from the words of knowledge is something systematically delivered. In passing a school in which there is such teaching one may accidentally hear that which gives him an idea of what is taught. If his instincts be clean he will at once resist what he has heard. The sin begins when he begins to listen. Adam should have closed his ear the very moment he began to perceive that Eve was talking against God, in that she was saying something which would cause him to err from the word of knowledge.

And we must keep in perpetual remembrance that what is true of the ear is true of the eye. One may incidentally look upon a bad picture or a bad page. The moment that he has an intimation that it is contrary to good morals and the teaching of the Holy Scripture he will turn away. The moment he begins to gaze at the picture, or to peruse the page, that very moment he is voluntarily putting himself under the power of the tempter. The tempter's responsibility began when he commenced to draw that picture or write that page; and ours commences when we begin voluntarily to look at it. From every man or woman that disparages, and from every picture or book that is intended to disparage, my father or my mother, my God or my Bible, I am bound to turn with dislike. The more one cultivates the love of the truth, the more one will hate error; and one of the most alarming things to any man ought to be that he loves the error because it is pleasant; as one should feel himself in danger when he discovers that he is tasting poison because it is sweet.—*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

## EFFECT OF THE BIBLE.

Taine's "English Literature" has a remarkable passage, with reference to the effect of the Bible on the English people, as read and learned for the first time from Tyndal's translation:

"One hid his book in a hollow tree—another learned by heart an epistle and a gospel, so as to be able to ponder it to himself even in the presence of his accusers. When sure of his friend, he speaks with him in private; and peasant talking to peasant, laborer to laborer, you know what the effect would be. It was the yeoman's sons, as Latimer said, who, more than others, maintained the faith of Christ in England, and it was with the yeoman's sons that Cromwell afterwards reaped his Puritan victories. When such words are whispered through a nation, all official voices clamor in vain. The nation has found its *poem;* it stops its ears to the troublesome would be distractors, and presently sings it out with a full voice and from a full heart. But the contagion had even reached the men in office, and Henry VIII. at last permitted the English Bible to be published. England had her book. Every one, says Strype, who could buy this book, either read it assiduously or had it read to him by others, and many well advanced in years, learned to read with the same object."

## A LESSON FROM THE LEAVES.

"Wheel my chair in front of the window," said an invalid to his attendant.

It was done; and the languid eyes of the pale youth wandered sadly over the dreary November-blighted landscape, which, since he had last looked from the window, had taken the place of summer freshness and autumn glory.

His life had just reached from youth to manhood. Several years before he had entered college. Naturally ambitious and eager to excel, he determined to win the honors of his class, to distance all competitors in literary attainments, and to write his name high up the monument of fame. But in the very flush of his first success the preached "Word" was made of effect to his soul, and he was constrained to lay his heart, with all its warm impulses, its ambitious hopes and aims, at the feet of Jesus. He cast his lot with God's people in the church into which he had been baptized, and resolved henceforth to devote himself to the Gospel ministry. Every effort, all his energy was now directed to preparation for the work, which to him seemed so important and delightful, as a testimony of his love for the souls of men for Christ's sake, and his desire to promote the interest of Christ's Kingdom, rather than his own glory. And now, when his theological course was almost completed, he was laid upon a sick bed, from which he arose after months of suffering, but so worn and debilitated by disease, that his physician declared that it would be impossible for him to continue his studies for a long time, if ever. How his heart rose in bitter rebellion against this verdict! There was so much to be done for the Master. The fields were white for the harvest, and he longed to thrust in the sickle and load himself with sheaves for the "Glad Harvest Home." So it was with a heavy, murmuring heart, that he sat and watched the few remaining leaves fluttering in the chill winds like the brown helpless wings of wounded birds. Now and then one loosened its hold, and went whirling and dancing through the air, was swept for some distance along the ground, and finally caught in a heap of others at the foot of one of the trees in the enclosure.

"Ah," sighed the occupant of the easy chair, "bright, fresh, useful at first, then blighted, withered and useless; typical of my life."

"Indeed," exclaimed his pastor, who had entered unperceived; "indeed! and happy will you be if your figure holds good to the end." Seating himself beside his sick friend, he continued:

"While these leaves were green and vigorous upon the tree, they were things of beauty and rest to the weary eye; they served as shade and shelter from sun and rain, they were channels of life and health to the tree. They are no longer needed for these offices, but they are still serving an important purpose. Look how they have clustered around the base of those delicate fruit trees. What a warm covering they make for their roots, and for the grasses under the trees. Though the leaves themselves may never be fresh and green again, yet they are sheltering and nourishing roots and grasses, which in Spring-time will grow and bloom, and bring forth rich fruit, which might never have been ours, but for the dying falling leaves of Autumn. So may it be with you, my dear young friend. The Master has seen fit to lay you aside for a time from active service in His vineyard. But here in this sick room, if you ask Him, He will help you to warm into life, nourish and protect the rare precious plants of faith, patience and gratitude, which will grow and bear the rich acceptable 'fruits of the Spirit.' Let us pray that it may be so."

And while the minister knelt beside him, the invalid covered his eyes with his thin hands, and thought with Milton:

Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best;
His state is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who stand and wait.

VIRGINIA WITHE, *in Lutheran and Missionary.*

## THE HOLY SPIRIT SHINING THROUGH CHRIST.

In the tabernacle the light from the golden candlesticks fell always upon the table of the show-bread, to light it up for the priest. So the Holy Spirit is always shining upon Christ, that we may be able to see Jesus only, the true bread of the believer. And as, again and again the question of our salvation comes up before the Father, and He looks upon Christ and is reconciled to us, let us look on Him, also, and be reconciled to Him. It is not what we are, but what He is, that determines all.

When, in the darkness of the midnight train, the conductor's lamp is seen glimmering through the car does he hold it to your face, to learn who you are, in order to be satisfied of your right to proceed? No! he lets its beams fall only on the ticket which you hold out to him, and if that is right you are right, no matter who you are, whether rich or poor, whether rude or noble. Christ, and Christ alone, is our passport to glory. Never can we say, "O Lord, look upon me, for I am holy." Always must we say, rather, "Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed." And ever since that face dropped, pale and gory, on His breast, with that dying sentence, "*It is finished,*" God has only to look upon it to justify any sinner, however guilty, who looks upon it also in a trusting faith. Believest thou this, O soul? Or is pride setting you to the hopeless task of self-redemption, putting you to gaze upon some thin transfiguration of self, to find a groundwork for confidence and trust?

God is infinitely satisfied to save you by Christ, and now the only question is, Are you satisfied to be saved by Christ?
—*The Watchword.*

## DR. GUTHRIE'S BELLS.

A benevolent lady, staying at Edinburgh (a contemporary writer tells us), noticed a very lofty attic in High street, near Dr. Guthrie's church. The thought struck her mind that there might be some poor lonely creature living in one of those upper stories whom no one visited; so, lifting up her heart to God for His guidance and blessing, she began her investigation. After ascending the innumerable stairs of the house, she reached the top story, where the poorest people lived.

Knocking at one of the doors, she was answered by an old woman, who, opening it very cautiously, asked what the stranger wanted. "I want to see you," said the lady. "No one ever comes here, or wants to see me," replied the woman. "Well," rejoined the kind stranger, "that is just the reason why I wish to see you." Then the cautious old woman opened the door, and let the lady into her little room, which only contained enough furniture for the bare necessities of its aged inmate. The only seats were a rocking-chair and a stool, and Lady L., taking the stool, made the old woman seat herself over the fire in her rocking-chair.

After a few kind words, the lady said: "I am not going to ask you, my friend, if you know the Lord, but I should like to hear if you can tell me anything to show that the Lord knows you, and has found you out in your lonely room." The old woman's face brightened up at once. "Yes, I can," she replied; "and I will tell you all about it, though I have never told any one before. If He had not known and sought me, I should never have known Him, for I lived like a heathen in this room. I have had many troubles and lost my all; and not having a friend or any one to love me, I shut myself up in my own misery, and did not want to know any neighbors. Week days and Sundays were all alike and dark to me. I never went anywhere. I lived just as if I had no soul. And thus I should have lived and died, had not the Lord had mercy upon me."

"And how did He awaken you from your state of spiritual death?"

"By Dr. Guthrie's bells," replied the old woman. "When they rang on Sundays I used to wish they would leave off—they troubled me. They seemed calling to me, till at last I could not bear it any longer; so one day I put on my shawl and went into the church, just to get peace, as it were, from the bells."

"Well, and how did you like what you heard?"

"Not at all. I came home very angry with Dr. Guthrie, for, as I stood in the aisle, he preached all his sermon about me, and I determined never to go and hear him again. But when the next Sunday came, the bells tormented me more than ever. I was forced to go; and again I came home feeling what a great sinner I was; and thus I continued from week to week, and then I had a dream which cut down all my hopes. I seemed to be in a square place, where a number of flowers in pots were standing, and in the middle of them I saw Dr. Guthrie with a water-pot. He went around and watered every plant until he came to one, which I thought meant me; and then he stood still, and said in a solemn voice, 'It is no good watering this, for it has no roots,' and he passed me by. And when I awoke I felt what a dreadful state I was in."

And thus the arrow of conviction entered this poor woman's heart, till He who had wounded her in love was pleased to heal her wound with the atoning blood of Jesus Christ.—*Christian Herald.*

## BLUE GENTIAN: A THOUGHT.

I shall never be a child,
With its dancing footsteps wild,
Nor a free-footed maiden any more.
Yet my heart leaps up to see
The new leaf up on the tree,
And to hear the light winds pass
O'er the flowers in the grass.
And for very joy brims o'er,
As I kneel and pluck this store
Of blue gentian.

I shall never climb thy peak,
Great white Alp that cannot speak
Of the centuries that float over thee like dreams,
Dumb of all God's secret things;
Sealed to beggars and to kings—
Yet I sit in a world of sight,
Color, beauty, sound and light,
While at every step, meseems,
Small, sweet joys spring up, like gleams
Of blue gentian.

I shall not live o'er again
This strange life, half bliss, half pain;
I shall sleep till Thou call'st me to arise,
Body and soul with new-born powers,
If thou wakenest these poor flowers,
Wilt thou not awaken me,
Who am thirsting after Thee?
Ah! when faith grows dim and dies
Let me think of Alpine skies
And blue gentian.

—*Good Words.*

## A TOUCHING STORY.

This touching story was told by Eastman Johnson to our correspondent in Nantucket: On a narrow island near the New England coast, where primitive customs still obtain, where the crier goes about the streets by day and the watchman by night, where they dispose of surplus meat by auction, and the merry maiden and the tar go junketing together, in an ancient calash, lives an old lady, Auntie B.——. The same roof has sheltered three generations of her family, and it would require little less than an earthquake to dislodge her from her seat by the old-fashioned fireplace. There she sits, a picture of peace and contentment. "Haven't you a single regret in your whole life?" we asked her once. She dropped her knitting, and a dreamy look crept over her placid eyes. "Yes," she said, at length, "I have. Ten years ago, when my dear dead sister was alive, a man with a hand-organ came to this island by the steamer. Oh! he could play beautifully. He came near our street, and my sister says to me: 'Let us go down to the corner and see him play.' Well, do you know, I didn't go, after all, but she said it was just splendid, and, I suppose, I shall regret not hearing that hand organ to my dying day." And the dear old soul dropped a tear on the half-heeled stocking.—*Harper's Magazine.*

## LITTLE UNREMEMBERED ACTS.

Once in one of the thousand streets of busy London a man was walking whose limbs seemed nearly paralyzed. Old, poor, paralytic, he crept along so slowly that, though after meeting him the narrator went several blocks on and made a purchase, yet as he returned, the poor man seemed to have got but a few steps on his way. Just before he reached him on his return, he saw him stop at a crossing, crowded with teams and carriages, many of them moving swiftly—a dangerous crossing for one like him. At this moment a man just entering middle life, with an honest English face, strong, hearty, in a workingman's dress, was seen coming down the cross street from the left. As he came up he saw the dilemma of the poor paralytic, and without a word said, put one strong arm around him, and bore him safely through the throng of carriages, and then, without waiting for a word of thanks, went on his way as if nothing had happened. A very commonplace incident, but there was a lesson in it. Much of our service in this world may be as purely incidental, as trifling, compared with many other things, as little marked, with as little knowledge even to whom it is rendered. It is a service all the same; and if there be a recording angel and a book of human doings, we may some day see records of these humbler deeds standing far higher on the page than many a more pretentious one.—*Patmos.*

You must very shortly die and leave all; in a little time it will not matter what you have passed through, but it will matter how you have acted while passing through.

# Useful Hints and Recipes.

IN CLEANING paint, put to two quarts of hot water two tablespoonfuls of turpentine and one pint of skimmed milk, with only enough soap to make a weak suds, and it will remove all stains from the paint and leave a fine luster almost like varnish.

HICKORY-NUT MACAROONS.—Make frosting as for cake; stir in enough pounded hickory-nut meats, with mixed ground spice to taste, to make convenient to handle. Flour the hands and form the mixture into little balls. Place on buttered tins, allowing room to spread, and bake in a quick oven.

GRAVY FOR POTATOES.—Put a spoonful or more of butter, according to the quantity of potatoes you have, into a frying-pan and set over the fire until brown, being careful not to scorch it. Mix a spoonful of flour in a cup of thin sweet cream—or milk, if one has no cream—pour into the browned butter, boil up, season with pepper and a little salt if necessary, and turn over the boiled potatoes. This is a very nice way to serve small potatoes.

IN WASHING oilcloths, as we have before advised, never use any soap or a scrub-brush. It will destroy an oilcloth that should last for years in a short time. Use instead warm water and a soft cloth or flannel, and wipe off with water and skim milk. Keep the best of soap on hand; but, by a fair trial, it will be seen that full two thirds more soap is used than is beneficial. It is indispensable in washing clothes, we think; but farther than that the less soap used the better.

PERHAPS all our readers do not know, that when preparing celery for the table the green tops may be utilized, as follows: Lay the tops on a tin plate, and expose to a very moderate heat. When quite dry, so that the leaves crumble between the fingers, it is ready to be put away. Rub the leaves to powder, and put into a tight glass jar. A teaspoonful or more may be added to soups, stews, etc., and will impart a fine flavor.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A NEW HANGING BASKET.—Pretty hanging baskets are made of Japanese umbrellas. Take the stick out of a medium sized one. Sew a strip of card board together, to form a circle of suitable size; fasten it to the inside of the umbrella, so as to keep it in shape, and from falling open. Put a bow of ribbon, or a cord and tassels at the top (which will be the bottom when inverted), hang it, with ribbon, to your chandelier, or in one of your windows. Fill with pressed ferns, dried flowers and autumn leaves, and it will be a pleasant bit of color for your sitting-room. The newest umbrellas have flowers and figures on a brilliant red or blue foundation—costs ten cents.

# Miscellaneous.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

Only a bank of weeds, of simple weeds,
Of sweet wild thyme and yellow, scented broom
Of tangled grass, and slender wind-blown reeds,
Of brown notched ferns and tall spiked foxglove bloom.
And yet a world of beauty garners there,
Low-twit'ring birds, soft scents and colors fair.

Only a narrow mound, a long, low mound,
Snow-covered, 'neath a wintry, leaden sky,
Unlit by moon or stars; and all around
Through bare, brown trees the night-winds moan and sigh.
And yet a world of love lies buried there,
Passion and pain, bright hopes and dull despair.

Oh, golden bank, where sunbeams glint and play,
Bloom out in fragrance with a hundred flowers!
Oh, narrow mound, keep till the judgment-day
The mournful secrets of these hearts of ours!
Then in God's light let joy and sorrow fade,
For near *His* brightness both alike are shade.

—C. L. Pierkis, *in Temple Bar.*

## THE GLOOMY PALACE OF THE HOLY OFFICE AT ROME.

A letter from Capt. W. W. Nevin, to the Philadelphia *Press*, says:—Just behind that nob'e grove of pillars which forms the wonderful portico of St. Peter's and to the right as you leave the church, but marked by some common, irregular structures, there arises a gloomy and forbidding pile of massive masonry known to Rome as the "Palace of the Holy Office." This sacred or sacrilegious euphemism conceals a celebrated building which is looked for with much interest by American visitors, and if found, regarded with intense and just indignation.

### THE INQUISITION.

This accursed building, in which they killed the body, and, perhaps, sometimes the soul, is an immense structure of solid stone work, nearly four hundred feet in front. It is almost rectangular in shape, the front being the long side, and is a little over fifty feet in height. The outer walls are many feet in thickness, and in places buttressed. There are almost no windows in the entire building. The immense wall of the north end is one unrelieved blank, unbroken by an opening of any kind. The entire wing of this end has but three small windows, all of them thirty-six feet above the ground, equal to the fourth story of an average Philadelphia house. In the main building there are a few windows, grated with immense iron bars. In the south wing there are no windows excepting at the height of the three in the northern wing, although there are imitation windows on a lower floor, so well constructed and painted as to deceive one at first into the belief that they were real. Built into the back is the rear of a large church, which effectually closes up that side.

For all ingress or exit to this immense and terrible building there is but one visible door, and it gave me a sensation of pleasure to see standing on guard before it, with bayonet drawn, a bright-eyed, red cheeked young soldier of the army of Italy. The people have confiscated this palace of atrocities, and it is now used as a military station and barracks.

In the Revolution of 1848 the gates of this merciless structure, at once courthouse and prison, were opened and the prisoners set free. I marvel greatly that it was not then razed to the ground, for it was a more infamous building than the Bastile and more justly the object of wrath and vengeance, inasmuch as it had been blasphemously conducted in the name of God. In 1849 the Inquisition, as an institution, was formally abolished by the Roman Assembly during its brief tenure of power, but was reëstablished by Pius IX. the same year when he regained his authority.

Victor Emanuel, when he was made king, again cleared out the building. It may be a matter of some interest to know that military possession was taken of it by the present King, then a lieutenant-general in his father's army. The Inquisition still survives, however, as an institution and court of the Roman Church under Pope Leo. XIII., and its secret sessions are now held in the Vatican. Its power, however, is greatly limited and confined, and it does no more arrest a Roman citizen. It has full power, however, I believe, over the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and probably over the entire population of the Vatican enclosure—that curious little ecclesiastical *imperium* in a civil *imperio*—which is considerable. I suppose an American priest or bishop could be imprisoned here if he chose to come over and put his head in the tiger's mouth.

While the lowering Palace of the Holy Office with its deaf stone ears and voiceless walls is the

### REPRESENTATIVE MONUMENT OF THE INQUISITION,

designed and specially built for its dreadful uses, it has not been the scene of some of its historic crimes most familiarly known to the civilized world. Galileo did not make within its walls his famous recantation of the movement of the earth. That shameful triumph of brutal ignorance took place in the convent of the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, long used as the tribunal and dungeon of the Inquisition. Bruno, for teaching the heresy of the Copernican system, was not burnt in its court, but in the Campo de Fiori, a kind of Roman Smithfield across the river, where the barbarous autos-da-fé of that time were customarily held. It is now a dirty market-place, wide and open, filled with foul smells and petty traffic. Savonarola was burnt at Florence.

But although this palace, only erected about 1600, has been spared some of the dramatic horrors of the history of the Inquisition, it is the building which must ever be associated in the public mind with this institution and bear its odium—an odium that will grow stronger and deeper as men grow gentler and juster and more Christian. It was the official headquarters of the Inquisition, the seat of the unjust judge, the chamber of torture and of death—built deliberately and in cold blood for the worst purposes of the institution when it was at the height of its power and cruelty. I do not propose in this place to enter into any argument as to the nature or character of the secret trials of inquisition. I am only describing the character and appearance of the building prepared for its operations—a building constructed so that human eye cannot see or ear hear what is going on within it and which is stronger than a castle. In this building the most appalling tortures, the most atrocious murders, might be carried on within twenty feet of a passer-by on the street of a crowded city. It is a building whose plan and construction is unholy—a building literally conceived in sin and born in iniquity, and which has no right to exist.

So much for the outside and the story which it tells. I will let Mr. A. J. C. Hare, a writer whose works on Rome are known the world over, tell in a few brief lines of

### THE STORY OF THE INSIDE.

"In the interior of the building is a lofty hall with gloomy frescoes of Dominican saints, and many terrible dungeons and cells, in which the visitor is unable to stand upright, having their vaulted ceilings lined with reeds to deaden sound. When the people rushed into the Inquisition at the Revolution a number of human bones were found in these vaults, which so excited the popular fury that an attack on the Dominican convent at the Minerva was anticipated."

While these things add to the dramatic horror of the place, they do not essentially increase its wrong. To the Anglo-Saxon mind secret trial is a wrong which cannot be very well made worse. It is unfair; it is a harm to the State as well as to the prisoner. It is in itself a violation of law and a prostitution of justice, and a fit ground for violent revolution. And yet because this belief is grounded in us we have no Bastiles and no Inquisitions. And I think the same good day is coming for the Romans. It is customary to charge the outrages, moral and physical, of the Inquisition, on the alleged cruelty of the Italian nature. As the Italian people have, however, within thirty years, three times driven out the institution, it can hardly with fairness be laid to their doors.

It is said also in its defense that its terrible and inhuman punishments were mediæval, and to be charged to the spirit of the age, and that they could not be repeated now under any circumstances. This is simply not the case. The claws of the ecclesiastical tiger of Rome are cut and his fangs muzzled, but claws and teeth are both there yet. I suppose it would not do to burn an offender in 1880 in the piazza of St. Peter's for not thinking as you wanted him to, but I have seen a man, yet comparatively young, who, a few years ago, when Pope Pius IX., who was claimed to have been a gentle ruler, was in power, was arrested without warning, hearing or being allowed bail, confined in the Inquisition, tried secretly and sentenced to a punishment of diabolic ingenuity and cruelty. He was chained to the bottom of a flat-boat in the river, without a cover day or night, exposed to the glare of the sun and the deadly damps of the night air. When you understand that the Italian never walks in the sun for fear of it, but seeks even the morning shade of the street, never sleeps with an open window for dread of the malarial air from the Campagna, you see the fiendish intent of this punishment. And most of the squad in this boat did die, as they were meant to—burned to death by the sun instead of the fagot, by slow torture instead of quick torture.

## VALUABLE RUBBISH.

Turning from nature's process to those of man, we find that he is doing his best, however clumsily, to follow the thrifty example she sets him. For many and many a year no doubt the pine tree shed its pointed, needle-like leaves in the Silesian forests, and there they were left to turn into decay and mould at their leisure, until M. Pannewitz started a factory for converting them into forest-wool, which, besides being efficacious in cases of rheumatism when applied in its woolly state, can also be curled, felted, or woven. Mixed with cotton, it has even been used for blankets and wearing apparel. The history of gas-making best shows the value of "rubbish." To begin with: The coal which yields most gas is what is termed "cannel" coal, and is now worth from 25 to 30 shillings a ton or more: whereas fifty years ago, before the introduction of gas, it was looked upon as almost worthless. In distilling coal for gas, a liquor is produced, which for a long time was so great an inconvenience to the gas companies that they actually paid for permission to drain it into the common sewers as the simplest way of getting rid of it. This gas liquor contains salts of ammonia, together with napththa and tar, and the tar is now made by repeated distillation to yield pitch, benzole, creosote, carbolic acid, the substance known as paraffine and aniline. It seems strange now that these valuable products should ever have been thrown away as useless; still stranger is it to learn that we derive from one of these waste substances the whole series of beautiful colors called aniline dyes. Naphthaline is another residuary product, by a novel application of which it is said that the light-giving properties of gas may be enhanced fourfold, at a very trifling cost. But the uses to which the waste liquor of the gas-works may be put are not yet exhausted; for not only is it turned to account itself, but combined with the slaty shales found among the coal, which were also at one time a source of perpetual annoyance, it yields alum—used in the manufacture of paper and preparation of leather: copperas or green vitriol (sulphate of iron), used in dyeing, tanning and the manufacture of ink and Prussian blue and sulphuric acid.

Rags are now recognized as such a valuable commodity that in some countries their export is forbidden by government; nevertheless, from one source or another, the paper makers of England alone import annually some 18,000 or 20,000 tons of linen and cotton rags and collect large quanties at home. These rags are of varied degrees of cleanliness, as may be imagined; some of the English ones require no bleaching at all, while those of Italy bear away the palm for dirt. Old sails are made into the paper used for bank notes, so it is said, and old ropes reappear as brown paper. But many other things besides flax, hemp and cotton are now used in the manufacture, and paper is made and remade over and over again. Not a scrap of paper need be wasted, for there are plenty of persons ready to buy it, and if not good enough for remanufacture as paper, it can always be converted into papier-mache, no matter what its color or quality. Cuttings of paper severed by bookbinders, pasteboard makers, envelope cutters, pocket-book makers and paper hangers are readily bought up; and so, too, are tons weight of old ledgers and account books by the papier-mache manufacturer, together with old letters and any other paper rubbish, giving a pledge that all shall be promptly consigned to destruction in his large vat; and out of this heterogeneous assemblage he produces a substance so hard and firm and durable that it has been suggested as suitable for making soldiers' huts and even ships.—*Chambers' Journal*

## THE RUINS OF THEBES.

While Greece was yet in the coils of barbarism, before Rome had a name, Egypt was far advanced in science and the arts, and Thebes, containing more than a million inhabitants, was the most beautiful city in the world. When the Assyrians overthrew the throne of the Pharaohs, the glory of Thebes passed away. This ancient city is broader than the valley of the Nile, being twenty-three miles in circumference, and rests on either side upon the bases of the mountains of Africa and Arabia. A magnificent pile of ruins, unsheltered by moss or creeping vine, over which the sands of the desert have blown for three thousand years; colossal figures, broken columns, avenues of sphinxes, pyramidal gateways and porticos, everywhere meet the eye of the traveler. Above these "in all the nakedness of desolation, the skeletons of giant temples are standing, in the unwatered sands, in solitude and silence."

One of the grandest of these is situated not far from the banks of the Nile, on the Arabian side, and is supposed to have been built there for the convenience of the Egyptian boatmen. Two obelisks, blocks of red granite, one hundred feet high, covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics, stand over on either side of the entrance to this temple. A French philosopher who was with Bonaparte in his expedition through Egypt, looking at these obelisks, said of the mysterious writings, "Could we decipher these, we would prove the Bible to be a fable." They are no longer a mystery, and have made worthless the infidel boast by confirming the truth of the Scriptures.

The temples in Thebes are all remarkable for their vastness and for the durability of the material used in their construction. Permanence rather than elegance seems to have been the design of the builders. One of them, twelve hundred feet long, and four hundred and fifty wide, has twelve principal entrances, guarded on either side by rows of sphinxes, or colossal statues, some in a sitting posture, and others erect; each are unchanged, as though placed there but yesterday, except that the sands being piled higher and higher, threaten, some day, to hide them forever from the gaze of curious eyes. Upon these and upon many a broken column, travelers have carved their names, some of which date back two thousand years, and are unknown.

Imagination lingers around these temples, so grand in their solitude, and destined, it would seem, to last forever, with mingled feelings of pity and admiration for the architect, in whose heart there must have been something better than pagan idolatry.

When the last worshippers went out, and the last idol upon their altars was broken, we shall never know. God judged the inhabitants of Thebes, "according to their ways, and recompensed upon them all their abominations." "So will I stretch out my hand upon them, and make the land desolate, yea, more desolate than the wilderness toward Diblath, in all their habitations; and they shall know that I am the Lord." Ezekiel vi. 5.

Beside the granite mountains that overlook the ruins of Thebes are unpolished blocks, seeming to have been just quarried; the implements used in quarrying lay beside them, giving to the mind of the traveler the impression that the workmen have gone away for an hour or two. While along the hard surface of the mountain side, the ruts of heavy cart wheels are distinctly traceable, till lost in the sands of the city.

The Egyptian gave very little attention to their dwellings, as no remains of any have yet been found among the ruins. Their temples and their tombs were of the most importance, the latter being excavations in the solid rock, ornamented upon the inside with sculptures or painting, according to the dignity of the occupant while in life.

They believed that the immortal part became at death, a migratory spirit, giving vitality to some bird, or beast, or fish, while it waited the resurrection of the natural body.

Hence their need of tombs that would withstand whatever time and the elements might do. They little dreamed that Arabs and travelers would disturb the sacredness of their resting places, after long centuries had past, and not only learn by the pictured walls what had been their lives, but would make with the cases in which careful hands had embalmed them, bright evening fires.—*Pres. Journal.*

# Selections.

There are whole races of people who have a genius for wretchedness; it comes to them as a vocation.

The real chameleon is a sensitive vanity, prone to change color with every change of surrounding.

When you are down-hearted and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope of better days.

The light of a reconciled God, shining from the cross of our Lord Jesus, gives the heaven of the redeemed its brightness. The shadow of that cross makes the outer darkness of the abode of the lost.

As the cross of Christ separated the penitent and believing malefactor from the impenitent and unbelieving one on Calvary, so has it continued ever since to separate the army of believers from the army of unbelievers.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.

The eye of true faith is so quick-sighted that it can see through all the mists and fogs of difficulties. The faith that is grounded on the promises of God, discovers that in prison there is liberty; in trouble, peace; in affliction, comfort; in death, life; in the cross, a crown; and in a manger, the Lord Jesus.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous system, in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away. It is not wealth or high station which makes a man happy. Many of the most wretched beings on earth have both; but it is a radiant, sunny spirit, which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

The clouds, which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty souls with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
And wrongs of man to man but make
The love of God more plain;
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew!

—*Whittier.*

# Science and Art.

Turner's *Conway Castle*, which is owned by Thomas Moran, the painter, will be one of the features of the approaching spring exhibition at the American Art Gallery, New York.

Hereafter all the principal stations along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad will receive full reports of the weather from the United States Signal Services. The reports will be transmitted on the railroad wires, and will be posted in conspicuous places at the different stations.

Professor Klinkerfues, the director of the Gottingen Observatory, has, it is said, taken out a patent for a new invention in telegraphy. The professor has discovered a method by which up to eight different messages may be sent simultaneously by the same wire, an apparatus at the receiving end printing the messages separately, and all at the same time.

Longevity of Fishes.—Some days ago I had occasion to make some inquiry into the age of fishes, and was surprised to find that they lived so long. Thinking that there are others who know as little about the subject as I did, I append a letter I received from Professor Spencer W. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner who is the best authority in the world on fish. He writes:

"There is, I believe, authentic evidence to show that carp have attained an age of two hundred years. There is a tradition that within the last fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. The fish is said to have been eighteen feet long. This, however, is not considered very reliable. But there is nothing to prevent a fish from living almost indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year of life. In species like mammals and birds, where there is a limit, a definite term of years is generally the rule.

Using the Tides as a Motive Power.—A suggestive paper was recently read before the Liverpool Engineering Society on "The Utilization of the Tides," by Mr. Oates, of Bradford. Mr. Oates was of opinion that although the coal supply of England would last for a long time to come, yet that ultimately the power of the tides would outrival all other sources of mechanical power. The ways of taking advantage of the power of the tides he divided into two comprehensive classes—one requiring large permanent construction, such as the various modifications of the tidal dam, this he considered the most efficient and economical for using the vertical motion of *the tide, which motion is the most important for mechanical purpose. The other class was* the numerous, but comparatively unimportant utilizers, which do not require such works, such as the tidal cask, but which would only be employed when the power is used intermittently. The former could only be undertaken by large public bodies, but the latter might be employed by small capitalists. He then suggested how the horizontal motion of the tides might be taken advantage of by water-wheels, etc. After pointing out that the ways of utilizing the tides were innumerable, and describing the construction of the tidal dam with suitable converters of the power, such as turbines in openings of the dam, working air-compressing or magneto-electric machines, he stated that the necessity for large conservators for storing the power between the tides would be the greatest difficulty in utilizing their power. A brief description of how this could be done, and the power rendered constant, was given. The means of conveying the power to a distance was then considered, air and water-pressure and electricity being suggested. With regard to the latter, Mr. Oates believed that the "age of steam" had reached its zenith, and that the "age of electricity" had dawned; but should there be difficulty in conveying the power to a distance, he suggested that manufacturing towns might be built adjacent to suitable sites for utilizing the tides.

# Personal.

An official bulletin states that the health of the Empress of Russia is improving.

James Lenox, founder of the famous library in New York City, and many other charities, died on the 19th inst., in the 80th year of his age. The library of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., is largely indebted to his munificence for buildings and books.

Mr. Ruskin has just printed a pamphlet for private circulation, in which he explains his silence respecting the projected restoration of St. Mark's Church in Venice. He says:—"I am now entirely unable to take part in exciting business, or even, without grave danger, to allow my mind to dwell on the subjects which, having once been dearest to it, are now the source of acutest pain."

John C. Robinson, the former lightning proof-reader of the *Tribune*, is dead. He was the one man who could readily decipher Horace Greeley's peculiar chirography. In deciphering manuscripts he was a marvel. He read Richard Hildreth's, Horace Greeley's Count Pulaski's, Gerrit Smith's, and other crabbed manuscripts almost at a glance. When Mr. Greeley himself was unable to decipher one of his own written sentences, he referred it to Mr. Robinson, who looked at it steadily for a minute or more, and made out its meaning. Mr. Robinson's rapidity in reading a proof-sheet aloud was unparalleled, and his pronunciation was perfect. Timed, he has pronounced 696 words in a minute. This is at the rate of 41,760 words per hour. The words were pronounced in a monotonous tone of voice without accent, and came from his lips as though sent from the wheels of a machine.

# The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1880.


### HIS LONELINESS.

Christians are said by St. Paul, to fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ, for His Body's sake. But whoever consults his Greek Concordance, will find that the word there translated "sufferings," is very different from that which describes the "passion" of our Lord, or any of the agony He endured as a penalty for man's guilt. His sufferings were vicarious, and in all that involved the idea of expiation, He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none to deliver. They could not help Him to bear it in such a way as to claim that they helped to obtain man's redemption.

This leads us to think of His loneliness. The sins of the whole world were laid upon Him, and in this He was denied even the pity of those for whom He was going to cruel, ignominious death. Man, in all his woes, likes the silent if not the expressed fellowship of his brethren. Many a martyr has been sustained by the consciousness of sympathy from those around him. But even this was withheld from our dear Redeemer. He came into the world and the world knew Him not. Even His covenant people rejected Him. He came from His own and His own received Him not. The Pharisee reviled Him as a poor Nazarene, and the Roman sentinel cursed Him for a Jew. One of His *disciples denied Him, and all the rest* forsook Him and fled in the hour of His deepest woe. This leads us to meditate upon His loneliness, as far as the world was concerned. And then there was a withdrawal of His Father's face from Him. There is a strange and awful mystery in the fact, that He who was acknowledged to be the Son in whom the Father was well pleased, was yet led to exclaim upon the Cross, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" Yet that was the wave under which the Son was to pass, for us men and for our salvation. Let any one contemplate that utter desolation, and his thoughts during the Lenten season will be wonderfully quickened and deepened. What a theme the loneliness of the Master is, for the pulpit, more especially at this time of the Church year!

### PERIODICAL TESTS.

It appears from the following, that in some institutions the standard-bearers of orthodoxy are brought to an audit every half decade. Whether this is due to a general distrust of humanity, or to fears of the shiftings of New England thought, we cannot say. As a general thing, after Theological Professors have given adherence to standards, their correctness of views is taken for granted until heresies are charged against them, when the burden of proof lies with their accusers. We think the Andover system is calculated to engender distrust. In most cases, those who question them are more liable to vagaries than any one else. But to the assertion:

"The professors of Andover Theological Seminary are required to sign a formula of religious and theological convictions every five years if they wish to retain their places. They repeat a creed which, at considerable length, is a digest of the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism. Each professor then signs the following declaration: 'And, furthermore, I do solemnly promise that I will open and explain the Scriptures to my pupils with integrity and faithfulness; that I will maintain and inculcate the Christian faith, as expressed in the creed by me now repeated, together with all the other doctrines and duties of our holy religion, so far as may appertain to my office, according to the best light God shall give me, and in opposition not only to atheists and infidels, but to Jews, Papists, Mohammedans, Arians, Pelagians, Antinomians, Arminians, Socinians, Sabellians, Unitarians and Universalists, and to all heresies and errors, ancient and modern, which may be opposed to the Gospel of Christ or hazardous to the souls of men; that, by my instruction, counsel and example, I will endeavor to promote true piety and godliness; that I will consult the good of this institution and the peace of the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ on all occasions, and that I will religiously conform to the constitution and laws of this seminary and to the statutes of this foundation.'"

### ANOTHER ATTEMPTED REGICIDE.

The proverbial uneasiness of the head that wears the crown, seems to be fully illustrated in these last days. There is scarcely a monarch of the world, whose life has not been imperiled by assassins within the past few years. The last excitement in this particular, has been caused by a Guy Fawkes plot to blow up the royal residence at St. Petersburg, on the 15th inst. This is the fifth attempt upon the life of the Czar of Russia during the first twenty-five years of his reign. The first was on April 16, 1866, when Demetrius Karakasoff aimed his pistol at the Czar, as the latter was about to enter his carriage after a promenade in St. Petersburg. The second was on June 6, 1867, when a Pole named Berezowski, at Paris, fired into the carriage in which the Czar was seated, with two of his sons and the Emperor Napoleon III. The third was on April 14, 1879, when Alexander Solovieff fired four shots at the Czar, as the latter was walking in the garden a short distance from the Winter Palace. The fourth was on December 1, 1879, when the first section of the train on which the Czar was entering Moscow was blown up by the explosion of a mine under the railway track. On all those occasions the Czar escaped unhurt, as he did last week in the attempt at the Winter Palace.

In the last case, a quantity of dynamite was placed under the dining-hall, and exploded by means of a galvanic battery. The explosion made a hole in the floor ten feet long and six feet wide. Eight soldiers were instantly killed and forty-five wounded. Owing to an accidental delay, the Imperial family had not yet entered the room. It is well known, that on the 12th of December, a Berlin paper announced that a plot of this kind had been discovered. The Czar had received immediately after the Moscow outrage, a warning, "That though he had indeed escaped death, this would yet overtake him if he did not repose his rights in the hands of a national assembly, for the Winter Palace and he together would be blown up into the air."

Every precaution was taken to guard against this, and it was thought the fiendish design had been thwarted. Now the question has arisen in regard to the perpetrators of the outrage. It is almost certain that the mine could not have been laid except by those who had access to the palace, and it is thought impossible that the wires leading to it can extend beyond the precincts of the place. The Nihilists now seem to be out of the question, unless they are represented in the royal household. Speculation is wild over the matter. The Winter Palace is well guarded, and contains over 500 of Alexander's faithful adherents of all grades, and it is argued that it is next to impossible for a revolutionary party to find among this throng a sufficient number of devoted and energetic allies, whereas the fact of a Court intrigue, headed by a member of the Imperial family and abetted by some high officials of the empire, finding willing tools among the Court's servants, would be neither novel nor original, and has indeed become a leading feature of Russian history. Thus Catherine II. has marched to the throne over the corpse of her husband, Peter III., and Alexander I., the uncle of the present Emperor, has taken advantage of the tragedy enacted in the palace of Paul I.

### SELFISHNESS IS SUICIDAL.

The minister who wishes to kill his congregation—slowly and imperceptibly it may be, but none the less surely, and bury himself in its grave, has only to educate his people to think, that their home necessities are so great as to absolve them from all thought of doing anything beyond. Let him teach them that anything given to missions, or education, is loss to themselves; let him look upon even the subscription price of a church paper as so much taken from himself, and he may be startled like the Venitian prisoner who realized one day that the iron cell in which he was confined, was becoming smaller every hour, and would surely crush him in the end. Those who are careful to do no more than they must, will naturally become more and more contracted in their ideas of duty, and it will not take them long to starve a preacher, and find a thousand excuses to cover their illiberality.

Selfishness is the very opposite of the spirit of Christianity, and the man who is governed by it in keeping an overgrown congregation under his own pastorate when the good of the Church requires a division; or in retaining a member who could do more good somewhere else, or in preventing money from going out of his own charge is sure to suffer from it.

We believe that even missionary congregations should contribute something to other points. It is easy enough to say that the money has to be returned in some form; but there is something in the spirit of sacrifice that strengthens the grace of giving in individuals, and brings them into sympathy with the Body of Christ. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

We have known men, who as soon as one farm was paid for have bought another; always keeping themselves in debt, and making it an excuse for giving nothing to Christ. There never was a more miserable advantage taken of the proverb, "Be just before you are generous." The same may be true of congregations. A church debt, is often a subterfuge for withholding contributions from the Lord, and as a general thing, such church debts remain unpaid till they become a burden and a reproach, embarrassing the Christian life of church members, and keeping many out of the fold.

### A LEGAL OPINION ON PREACHING.

It was given in Washington, the capital of our country, from the bench of the court of common pleas. This fact might be of some importance with some people; and why not? Why should not the best legal ability in the country be found in the Capital? And therefore we should expect the wisest of legal decisions to be made there.

It was the Hirth murder case, which, at this writing, is still pending. Last Saturday the jurors expressed a desire to attend church on the following Sunday. It seems there was no objection to this on the part of counsel, on either side. But the court took a contrary view of the matter, and decided adversely. The gentlemen of the jury shall not attend church while this case is pending. So they had to spend Sunday together, and must hear nothing from, nor hold communication with, either the outside world or the Church. If they *must* have church they can effect a temporary organization, in the place of their forced retirement, with the foreman or some other good man, as priest. At any rate the decree of the court is, that to church the jurors shall not go. The decision runs thus:

"That it would make no difference as to their going to church, if they (the preachers) preached as they did in olden time, and not on current events. Therefore leave is not given."

So! the trouble is all with the preachers. It is on account of *their* naughtiness, as the court affirms that twelve select and good men are not permitted to enjoy their wonted sanctuary privileges. The court thinks there is danger that the jurors, if permitted to go to church, might be corrupted by the preachers, and rendered incapable of making up a just verdict. The preachers will likely refer to the case in court, spread themselves on it, and give the jurors some hints that might not be wholesome, either for the traversers or the commonwealth—that is, the District of Columbia. It is presumable that the learned judge, who delivers the opinion, knows whereof he speaks, and that Washington preachers are in the habit of filling up their "skeletons" with "current events"—in part, at least.

Well, Sunday comes, and is past, and news-gleaners' reports to the papers fully justify the opinion and decision of the court. The preachers (not all of them, we would hope) did express themselves on the crime referred to, and on its consideration in court; and some pitched into the lawyers for defending prisoners when they knew them to be guilty; and, it is said, in very uncomplimentary terms. If the jurors had been at church, their minds might have been influenced by assertions and arguments that might not coincide with the law and testimony which they were under sworn obligation solely to consider. No doubt the court was right in locking up that Washington jury, for a Sunday. The preachers, just then at least, could not be trusted.

As we take it, that metropolitan judge intended far more than to simply state a fact, as a reason why the jury should not, at that time, attend church. He doubtless intended to testify against a growing vice of the pulpit (common especially in large cities) which, in many ways, panders to the vitiated taste of the multitude by expatiating on the criminal and other events of the day, thus turning the sanctuary into a place of mere recreation and entertainment, in the holy name of religion. We thank the Judge for his little sermon to preachers, and hope he will *at it again*, and show still further what becomes the dignity of the pulpit, and what kind of preaching is best calculated to elevate and purify the morals of a community. It would be a good thing if both the pulpit and the press would unite in letting the details of crime, court trials and executions *severely alone;* their public exposure is most demoralizing and pernicious.

We feel quite sure that the few Reformed ministers in our national Capital did honest work on the Sunday here referred to, and did not think it necessary, in order to secure the attention of their people, to indulge in episodes about murderers and lawyers. As one of our ministers once said in Classis, in a speech on pushing forward our mission work in Washington, our Church is needed in that city; and our doctrines, principles and apostolic spirit should be infused into its people,—from the White House down to the lowest alley.

K.

### DR. FISHER IMPROVING.

The Church will be glad to hear that Dr. Fisher is convalescing. His physician says he will be able to sit up in his room this week, but insists upon sending him South for a few weeks, as soon as he is able to travel. He is firm in the opinion that it would not be well to allow him to resume his work for some weeks.

### REV. JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURES.

It is announced that Rev. Joseph Cook will deliver a series of lectures at Association Hall, commencing Thursday evening, February 26th, when his subject will be "Disloyal Mormonism." On the evening of March 4th, he will speak of "Strikers and Communists," and on March 11th, of "Ultimate America." These are live topics, and the fame of the lecturer gives assurance that they will be treated with ability.

### THE GUARDIAN.

In the *Guardian*, for March, 1880, the editor gives a number of suggestive notes, and continues his article on "Dr. Jonas King, the Modern Paul of Athens." Mr. Edwin A. Gernant furnishes his eighth paper under the title of "Over Land and Sea." The Sunday-school department contains the Lesson and Comments for the month, and these if nothing else, should help to give the periodical a large circulation. But these lessons are not the only feature of the work that commend it to the patronage of our people. Every number in all its parts is pure and contains matter that will help to exalt and develop Christian character.

## Notes and Quotes.

We publish a letter from Rev. A. D. Gring, our missionary in Japan, this week, and have the manuscript of another on hand, for our next issue. Accompanying these letters we have received a private note announcing the good health of Bro. Gring and wife, and also a Japanese Almanac, sent in exchange for one from our own Church. The one sent to us from Yokohama is finely printed and contains some European or American wood cuts, evidently illustrative of incidents in Christian history, but as far as characters and language are concerned the Calendar is a sealed book to us.

It will be seen from the telegraphic despatches on our eighth page, that funds have been given to Ireland with such liberality that the fear of starvation has been in a great measure relieved. The only difficulty in the way was the distribution of the fund so as to keep American charity from being used to promote Irish partisan politics. Confidence in Mr. Parnell has been utterly destroyed by clear evidence from abroad that his committees have refused to help poor people who plead guilty to the charge of having paid their rent. This was the reason why Drexel, Morgan & Co., refused to act longer as bankers of his relief fund.

## Among the Exchanges.

The new editor of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, upon assuming charge, gave the following as the result of telephone communication with his subscribers:

1st voice: Why don't you print more sermons?

2d. I'm glad you don't print any sermons.

3d. Why do you give such long theological articles?

4th. Give us more theology.

5th. For Heaven's sake, don't give us serials!

6th. If you want me to write, you must let me write a series, for that is the only way in which I can do justice to my subject and to your readers.

7th. Give us all the Church news you can; full reports of conventions, conferences, and the like.

8th. Give us news, by all means; but who cares about what Tom, Dick and Harry said and did here, there, and everywhere?

9th. Give news of other parts of the Church.

10th. We don't want to know about the sects.

11th. Delighted that you give us such full book notices.

12th. You devote too much space to books.

13th. I always read your poetical selections with interest.

14th. Omit the rhymes; fill the space with solid matter.

15th. Why didn't you publish my article?

16th. You are entirely too good-natured. Be more generous to your waste-basket.

17th. Have a column devoted to pleasantries.

18th. Wife and I are very fond of good eating, and we are always on the lookout for new recipes.

19th. Devote at least a column to secular news.

20th. Too many advertisements.

21st. Get more advertisements; add to the income of the paper.

22d. You ought to be more Lutheran.

23d. You devote too much space to doctrinal articles, and are everlastingly holding up Lutheranism. What the Church wants is practical godliness.

The editor, thinking he has heard enough for one day, suddenly drops the instrument and silence returns. He does not even "talk back."

## Communications.

### DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

*The Synodical Boards.*

The Tri-Synodical plan of carrying forward the work of missions has thus far not been without good results. It has worked well, and, as compared with all our previous methods and plans, it has called forth a decided advance in our missionary work. It has proved this by a trial that has extended over some six or seven years. It might have, no doubt, accomplished more, and some persons may be disposed to find fault with it on that account; but we ought to be thankful for what it has effected for the Church, and then seek to make it more useful hereafter. The cause of its not having accomplished all that may have been expected of it by some, lies not so much, perhaps, in itself, as in the manner of its execution. Certainly, if

the churches had given it a more general and more generous support, it would have resulted in much more. By and by it may be the beginning of something still better, of a union, in which the whole Church shall carry forward its missionary operations.

Each Synod, as is known, has its own Board of Missions, which, as it has always appeared to us, ought to have something to do in the general plan; but thus far we have not witnessed much vitality in them as Synodical Boards. With, perhaps, one exception, they seem to have handed over the work of missions within their own bounds to the united Board, or to the Executive Council. Some of them hold few or no meetings. At least we have not heard of them. If, however, we look back to the proceedings of Synods, when they were installed, we shall find that important duties were imposed on them, and that much was expected of them. We here quote the language of the committee referring to these Boards, adopted by the three Synods in 1873, which has since been called the Tri-Synodic Plan:

The Committee, or Board, of each district Synod shall devise plans and means, as they shall provide within themselves, for promoting the cause of missions within the bounds of their Synods, such as organizing missionary societies, holding missionary conventions, securing funds, and taking the general oversight of the missionary cause, so far as not provided for by, or may not interfere with, the duties of the Executive Council or of the General Superintendent.

We refer to these Boards at this time and in this place, because there seems to be a general desire in the Church to do something noteworthy for the cause of missions during the present year, when the reaction in favor of peace and concord seems to have so happily set in; and because, if the signs do not deceive, some general, organized effort is to be made during the coming spring, to realize this desire in a tangible form. In these circumstances the Church expects us all to do our duty, and the Boards referred to, properly organized, may perform important services in the general movement

*St. Luke's Mission at Lancaster.*

The first Sunday in Lent was a happy day for St. Luke's Mission at Lancaster. Its chapel was so far advanced, that the congregation decided to consecrate it to the worship and services of the true God. Many of the friends of the mission were present and rejoiced with it in the progress which it has been making. Much labor and much thought had been expended, with many prayers, for the success of this undertaking, and the result showed that the work and labor were not in vain in the Lord. The chapel is humble and unpretentious, standing in the suburbs of the city; but to the mission it is, no doubt, as precious as a cathedral would be. Our missionary brother Wiant, with his faithful colaborers in the field, are certainly to be congratulated for the successful results of their untiring efforts in pushing forward this enterprise of the Church. For further items of information we refer our readers to the department of Church News, where, no doubt, an account of the services of the day and a description of the new church will appear. The new church will have no debt, and not be fully furnished until the means are at hand. This is an example, which we wish all our missions to follow.

*Further Intelligence from Iowa.*

Rev. I. A. Smith, of Anamosa, Iowa, another pioneer laborer in our Church in Iowa, writes to us about his field of labor. It is not a sinecure, neither has it yet arrived at that degree of advancement as to entitle it to be called in any way a comfortable charge. The pastor, like others in Iowa and elsewhere, has had much to contend with in sustaining himself at his post—in keeping the wolf from the door. Still, his work is advancing. He says his people are building a new church at Amber, which is taxing heavily the strength of his people. The church ought to have a bell, but the means to purchase such an article are not at hand, and he wonders whether some congregation in the east could not be induced to donate their old bell, and get for themselves a larger one. One weighing from three to five hundred pounds would do for Amber, but in some places that would no longer be regarded as large enough for the neighborhood. It is evident, that the new house of worship cannot be furnished as it should be at present by the congregation, and any gifts from larger sister congregations, such as a Bible, a communion set, or an old chandelier, if not a bell, would not only be thankfully received, but highly appreciated. These brethren in Iowa once lived with us in the east, but are now living and working to build up our Church in the far west. A drop of cold water given to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, we are told, will not be without its reward.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Southern Division of Clarion Classis held its second semi-annual Sunday School Convention in the Reformed church, Belknap, Armstrong county, Pa., of which Rev. G. A. Whitmore is pastor, on Jan. 27, 28, 29, 1880. The following ministers were present: Revs. T. R. Dietz, D. S. Dieffenbacher, A. K. Kline, G. A. Whitmore and M. H. Diefenderfer, belonging to the Southern division, Rev. H. King, from Philadelphia Classis, Rev. R. C. Bowling, from Northern division, and Rev. J. W. McIntire, of the M. E. Church, Dayton, Armstrong county, Pa. The subjects discussed were: 1. The necessity of the Sunday School, its object, and how best to promote it. 2. The specific relation of the Sunday School to the Church. 3. What is the best method of instructing the Infant Department in the Sunday School? 4. The indispensable necessity of the parents' presence and activity in the Sunday School. 5. Should responsive service be used in the Sunday School? If so, why? 6. The qualification and preparation necessary to successful teaching. 7. The necessity of children remaining after the sessions of the Sunday School to attend the services of the sanctuary. 8. The Pastor's relation to the Sunday School.

The sessions were very well attended, and great interest was manifested by the brethren present, as also by the people of the community. Although the roads were, at places, almost impassable, the attendance was large, and the interest was maintained through out all the sessions, which is an evidence that the Sunday School cause is beginning to receive more attention, in this part of the Church, than what it did in the past. It is gradually being viewed in its proper relation to the Church, and as a means to aid in the unfolding of the Christian life of the lambs of Christ, and also as a help to those in riper years. It is, no doubt, owing to this, that such a great interest was manifested on the present occasion. Besides the discussion of the subjects above given, a question box was opened at several of the sessions, which occasioned many useful and practical remarks in regard to the work of the Church and Sunday School. We feel encouraged in this part of our work, and so has the pastor reason to feel encouraged, that the Convention met with such success in his charge. He will, no doubt, soon reap some of its fruit, as it will certainly help to establish confidence in our Church and her ministers. D.

## THE BENEVOLENCE OF THE REFORMED CHURCH.

Following the average per member of the whole Church, and of the several District Synods, we give in this the average per member of the several Classes of the Eastern Synod, to wit:

| Name of Classis. | Members. | Benevolent Contribut'ns. | Average per Mem. |
|---|---|---|---|
| East Penn. | 16,095 | $4,971 00 | .30.8 |
| Lebanon. | 17,629 | 5,350 00 | .30.3 |
| Philadelphia. | 3,437 | 1,612 00 | .46.9 |
| Lancaster. | 3 888 | 1,941 00 | .49.9 |
| E Susquehanna | 7,340 | 1,413 00 | .19.2 |
| W " | 4,418 | 1,247 00 | .28.2 |
| Goshenhoppen. | 6,416 | 1,937 00 | .30.1 |
| Tohickon. | 6,384 | 1,353 00 | .21.1 |
| Charges E. Penn. | | | |
| D F Brendle | 600 | 89 00 | .14.8 |
| I K Loos | 510 | 225 00 | .44.1 |
| Dr Reinecke | 800 | 110 00 | .13.6 |
| A J G Dubbs | 550 | 171 00 | .31 |
| Dr Porter | 549 | 1,224 00 | 2.23 |
| T N Reber | 650 | 105 00 | .16.1 |
| T A Huber | 650 | 68 00 | .10.4 |
| H H W Hibshman | 526 | 70 00 | .13 3 |
| E Penn Classis | less | Dr Porter's | .24.2 |
| Lebanon. | | | |
| A S Leinbach | 1,780 | 143 00 | .08.0 |
| T C Leinbach | 1,600 | 300 00 | .18.7 |
| Dr Bausman | 575 | 315 00 | .54 7 |
| Dr Leinbach | 1,250 | 330 00 | .26 4 |
| W F P Davis | 1,100 | 55 69 | .05.0 |
| M S Fritch | 965 | 133 85 | .13 8 |
| M Peters | 320 | 31 00 | .09.7 |
| A J Bachman | 500 | 19 00 | .03 8 |
| Goshenhoppen. | | | |
| Dr Weiser | 969 | 650 00 | .67.0 |
| L D Leberman | 870 | 128 00 | .14.7 |
| P P A Hoffman | 650 | 32 00 | .04.9 |
| D E Schoedler | 440 | 60 00 | .13.6 |
| Tohickon. | | | |
| J Kehm | 925 | 202 00 | .21.8 |
| R C Weaver | 575 | 76 00 | .13.2 |

Until we can give more, let the above figures speak for themselves. H.

# Church News.

## OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The chapel of St. Luke's Reformed Mission at Lancaster, Pa. was formally dedicated on the 15th inst. Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser preached the sermon, and the pastors of the place, and the professors in the Seminary, assisted in the services. The occasion is referred to by our Missionary Superintendent, and the building is thus described by a correspondent of the *Press:*

"The chapel is situated on Marietta avenue, immediately west of West Orange street. The builder was Mr. Philip Dinkelberg, and the design is that of his son, Fred Dinkelberg. The ground on which the chapel stands was the gift of Mr. John C. Hager. The building, which has a seating capacity of about two hundred and twenty-five, is Gothic in style, with the dimensions 30x50. Its neat and churchly appearance is receiving no little comment. Fretted brickwork in the front and sides adds not a little to the beauty, as do also the heavy buttresses, which are essential for the support of the walls and steep roof. Above the door is a large rose window, surrounded with a chaste border of brick work.

The appearance of the interior is enhanced very materially by having the rafters, crossbeams and braces exposed to view. With the exception of the chairs, which will be used at present instead of pews, all the woodwork in the interior is grained in oak. So as not to contract a debt, some articles of furniture will be dispensed with at the outset. The cause of this mission has been presented to the interest of the community, and the response has been very liberal, for which the congregation and Executive Committee desire in this way to express their sincere thankfulness.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in St. John's church, of Milton, Pa., Rev. S. B. Schafer, pastor, Feb. 1st, and eighteen persons were added to the church; eleven by confirmation—one of whom received adult baptism—three by certificate, and four by profession of faith—one of whom was formerly a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

The students of the Theological Seminary, at a late meeting, elected Rev. Samuel G. Wagner, of Allentown, Pa., to deliver the annual sermon before the Seminary on Wednesday evening, May 12, 1880. Mr. Wagner has accepted.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The young pastor of the Rockingham charge, Rev. Lawrence Hensell, was very agreeably surprised upon entering his home with his bride, to find a number of his parishioners had been there, and had brought with them many gifts and donations from those who could not come. Quite a fair representation of his parish met them at the door with words of welcome and congratulation. They were then invited out to their own dining table, extended to its full length, and bountifully spread with the choicest of viands. The day was pleasantly spent.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

We learn from the *Cincinnati Gazette*, that Rev. John H. Prugh has received and accepted a call from Grace Reformed Church at Pittsburgh.

## NOTICE.

Inasmuch as the Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States, assembled at Lebanon, Penna., September, 1879, adopted a recommendation to the Board of Publication, looking to the appointment of a committee which shall prepare a tract on "The Duty and Privilege of Giving to the Support of the Benevolent Operations of the Church" (see p. 61, Min. of Synod); and as no appointment has as yet been made for this Synod, I would take the liberty to designate the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of Lancaster, Penna., as a member of said committee.

C. Z. WEISER,
President of Synod.

S. R. FISHER,
Stated Clerk of Synod.

## ALMANACS FOR 1880.

A small supply of the English Almanac still on hand. Please send for them. Prices as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 12 copies, | $0.60 |
| 50 " | 2.35 |
| 100 " | 4.50 |

When sent by mail, ten cents per dozen must be added for postage.

# Married.

By Rev. S. A. Leinbach, on the 24th of Jany., Mr. O. J. Frantz to Miss Annie Ritter, both of Egypt, Lehigh Co., Pa.

By the same, on the 14th of Feb., Mr. Granville Grubb to Miss Catharine Mull, both of Hockendaqua.

By the same, Mr. Charles O. Scheirer to Miss Mary Litzenberger, both of White Hall.

By the same, Mr. David Davis of Catasauqua, to Miss Flora E. Hartman of Coplay.

By Rev. S. Z. Beam, at Mt. Pleasant, Mr. W. G. Brinker of Pleasant Unity, to Miss L. J. Coughenour of New Stanton, Pa.

On Thursday evening, Jany. 22d, 1880, at 208 N. Calvert St., by Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Mr. William O. Chaney to Miss Mary E. Christ, both of Balt., Md.

In Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 17th, 1880, by Rev. Geo. W. Snyder, Francis Pestle, M. D., of Lancaster, Pa., to Catharine L. Ream of Mount Joy, Lancaster Co., Pa.

On Jany. 22d, at the house of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. W. Alspach, Mr. Asa Steel to Miss Lavina Bartley, the former from Armstrong Co., Pa., the latter from Butler Co., Pa.

On the 5th inst., at Brownback's Church, Chester Co., Pa., by Rev. L. K. Evans Mr. Harry B. Christman of Pottstown, to Miss Mary Emma Beeler of Vincent, Chester Co., Pa.

On the 13th of Feb., 1880, at St. Thomas, Armstrong Co., Pa., by Rev. M. H. Dieffenderfer, Mr. Levi Allshouse of South Bend, Armstrong Co., Pa., to Miss Nara Hazlett of West Lebanon Indiana.

At the home of the bride, on the evening of the 11th of February, 1880, by Rev. M. H. Sangree, Rev. J. A. Peters, pastor of First Ref Church, Lancaster, Pa., to Miss Mary H. Harnish, eldest daughter of the late Abram Harnish of Huntingdon Co., Pa.

At the home of the bride, in Canoe Valley, Huntingdon Co., Pa., on the evening of the 12th of Feb., 1880, by Rev. M. H. Sangree, Mr. Robt. F. Tussey to Miss Sadie A. Harnish, daughter of Peter Harnish, Esq.

# Obituaries.

## IN MEMORIAM.

DIED.—On Sunday, Feb. 8th, 1880, at the residence of her parents, in Rockingham Co., Va., S. Katie, youngest daughter of Rev. Dr. S. N., and Eliza J. Callender. Her disease was Pulmonary Consumption.

The tidings of Katie's death were no surprise to us. We had known her to be seriously ill of that fell disease, which has cut down its thousands, and were prepared at any time to learn, that "The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken." Having witnessed, during the past summer, her painful, though patient suffering, we felt ready to say to the all-loving Father, "Thy will be done!" thankful that her spirit had at last been released, and gone home to its God, to suffer no more. We knew too, that this new cup of sorrow held to the lips of the bereaved family circle by a loving hand, would be swallowed to its bitter dregs without a murmur; for it was not a cup unmixed with the sweet antidote of hope!

Our faith whispers to us, that the true Christian never dies; it is after all only a seeming. Apart therefore from the natural pain of separation, and the sadness caused by the inevitable decay of death as the dreadful fruit of sin, we have nothing to lament in the departure of a dear Christian friend. How sweet and satisfying a comfort to the family circle, out of which their Katie has gone, must be the reflection, that she was a child of the Covenant, dedicated in early infancy to God, through the holy sacrament of baptism! And how thankful must those parents feel, that God vouchsafed unto them grace to be true to their precious trust, and mindful of their solemn obligation! In their keeping, the departed became a child of Christian nurture and training.

The seed of God's own planting was watched over and well tended, and in due time developed itself into the beautiful bloom of a full and lovely Christian character. Katie was one of those cases, of whose life it was impossible to point to any period, and say of her that then she was no Christian. Her life of grace had well-nigh the same starting point with her natural life, in the world. Grace met her, through the divinely appointed means, at the threshold of her earthly existence, and never ceased to overshadow and encircle her. Hence she could mark no special point in her experience, when a spiritual change took place in her consciousness. She grew up a pious soul from infancy. And consequently, her passing into the full communion of the Church, was as easy and unmarked in her conscious experience as the transition from infancy into childhood, and from childhood into more developed and mature life. And so, with the increase of years, there was a gradual and sure ripening of the spiritual life, and of a "meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light." She grew not only in physical strength and mental culture, but above all "in grace and in the knowledge of God," in the prospect of attaining to the "full and perfect stature of manhood in Christ Jesus."

We have the assurance of her father, that her final sufferings were severe, though patiently borne. "She seemed to have a clear and most resigned sense, that the time of her departure was at hand. It caused no anxiety. She looked upon it as a matter of course in a most confiding, childlike way. With no sense of terror or even fear, she felt herself to be in the hands of the Father in Christ Jesus, in whom she was enabled to trust with undoubting confidence. The repose of trust was childlike in an eminent and unusual degree. The only disturbance of this spiritual serenity was, when in the midst of her keenest sufferings, she seemed impatient to die and be at rest."

And now that her spirit has left the body of suffering, we confidently feel, that she has gloriously realized the object and purpose of her creation, and has now passed over to the real substantial state of being, has made an onward and upward advance to develop still further, under the more immediate eye of God, the new life as it is in Jesus Christ, and thus fully realize the idea and beatific purpose of her existence. With this sweet hope, supported still by the other, of a final reunion in the presence of a transcendant glory, the stricken circle cannot but be happy in the midst of their sorrow.

"Ah! the souls of those that die,
Are but sunbeams lifted higher."

S. G. W.

DIED.—On the 3d day of Feb., at Foxhall, near Baltimore, Mrs. Mary Ann F. Richstein, wife of Elder George Richstein, in the 68th year of her age.

A year has not yet quite gone, since this happy couple, surrounded by many kind friends and acquaintances, celebrated their golden wedding. Then Foxhall was one busy scene of festal enjoyment, now no home in all the land seems more desolate. The deceased woke up about two o'clock in the morning, with a kind word of sympathy for her husband, who had not slept so well, and at the same time expressing herself thankfully, for the "sweet sleep" she had enjoyed. In twenty minutes from that time, the heart had ceased to beat, and her hand had forgotten its cunning. She died from a rush of blood to the lungs, caused by the bursting of a blood vessel. Her last words were "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

The Reaper knew when the sheaf was ripe. The Lord knew when the shock of corn had reached his season. She had always been a faithful and consistent member of the Third Reformed Church of Baltimore. None lamented more seriously over anything which hindered its advancement; and none rejoiced more heartily over its successes and triumphs. She was a mother indeed. Three or four generations of children, that knew her spiritual oversight and care, shall rise up to call her blessed in that day, when Christ shall gather His dispersed sheep into the great fold. When as a faithful shepherdess, she had guided her own little flock through the perils of infancy, childhood and young manhood and womanhood, she found that her hand grasped too firmly the crook, to lay it aside, she undertook the care of one after another. Should her life have been prolonged for centuries, it would have been spent in fitting others for happiness, home and heaven. God has taken the shepherdess from a little flock, and He will take care of the lambs.

The Church could not spare such an ornament, yet we believe and know, that her mantle shall fall upon another, that will prove herself worthy in every way. Christ will fill the aching void in the home; He will grace the vacant chair; He will hold up that gray head crowned with honors and years. She was borne to her resting place by the consistory of the church, of which Elder Richstein is a member, followed by a large concourse of friends and relatives.

But this was was not all. Before the family and friends reached home, a little grandchild, aged two years, who had been suffering from a malignant form of diphtheria, was taken hence to heaven. He had been staying with his grandparents for several months. He was a bright little boy, and gave a promise for a future, more than that which is shown by ordinary children of that age. The night which has settled about that home, always hitherto so happy and cheerful, is very gloomy, yet the morning will come. The ears of faith will be able to hear, amid all the severe chastenings, the voice of compassion saying, "It is I, be not afraid," "Look not thou upon the reaper death in tears," since he has but gathered in the ripened sheaf, and plucked the flower in the first flush of bloom and innocence. PASTOR.

Third Ref. Ch., Balt., Md., Feb. 11th, 1880.

Since it has pleased Almighty God, to remove from our midst, Mrs. Mary Ann F. Richstein, wife of our beloved Brother and Elder, and, since the Church has lost in her death, a devoted member, and the family a Christian counsellor and helpmate, therefore

*Resolved*, That we return our heartfelt thanks to the Great Head of the Church, for His great grace bestowed so richly upon the departed.

*Resolved*, That we extend our most cordial sympathies to our fellow consistory man in his trial, together with the whole family, humbly supplicating a throne of heavenly grace for strength, to bear up under the sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That the resolutions be engrossed upon the Minutes, published in the Reformed Church MESSENGER, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

By Order of the Consistory.

DIED.—Feb. 6th, 1880, Mrs. Sarah A., wife of Reuben Zundel, and daughter of Elder William Barnhart, aged 28 years, 2 months and 10 days.

She was a member of the Mt. Pleasant Church. She died in the triumphs of faith.

DIED.—On the 4th inst., near Petrolia, Butler Co., Pa., Mrs. Mary Barbara Shakeley, aged 66 years, 5 months and 4 days.

She suffered much during her sickness, but bore it with great patience. The cause of her death was cancer in the stomach. Her funeral took place on the 6th; it was very large. J. W. A.

DIED.—Near Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Jan. 26th, 1880, Elizabeth Welty, aged 68 years, 2 months and 4 days.

Mrs. Welty was baptized in her infancy. She was confirmed at the age of 18 years. Since then she is said to have been a regular and consistent member of the church, a period of fifty years. Here is a record worth of imitation.

DIED.—In Linglestown, Dauphin Co., Pa., Feb. 11th, 1880, of typhoid pneumonia, Sarah, wife of Elder Joseph Mease, aged 68 years and 7 days.

The subject of the above notice, was an exemplary Christian, and a member of the Weurich's congregation in the Hanover charge. Her joy was the success of the Gospel. Her end was peace, and all who were acquainted with her cherish her memory as sacred; doubtless her rest will be glorious. PASTOR.

DIED.—On Feb. 2d, near Greensburg, Pa., Willie, aged 3 years, 3 months and 21 days, and on the 9th, Emma A., aged 5 years, 6 months and 11 days, both children of Jeremiah and Amanda Kimmel.

These dear children both fell the victims of that terrible scourge to children, scarlet fever. Willie was a very bright and pious child, remarkably so for one of his age. Almost to the last hour of his life he could sing: "I am Jesus' little lamb, Happy all day long I am," etc. When too weak to say his prayers, he would follow their repetition by others as well as he could, and, with effort at the close, say Amen.

Emma was also a very interesting, sweet child, one of Jesus' obedient, loving, trusting lambs. But a short week after Willie died, she went to join him in the fold above; where both are well cared for by the Shepherd of lambs, and are forever safe from every form of evil. The afflicted parents, brothers and sisters, have the heartfelt sympathy and prayers of many Christian friends; but better than all, they have the consolations of religion, and the sympathy of "Him, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmity." May they find His grace sufficient for them in time of great need! PASTOR.

DEATH OF MR. BENJAMIN A. SIEGFRIED.—Though not unexpected, the announcement of the death of Mr. Benjamin A. Siegfried, on Wednesday, was received with universal regret. He several years ago was one of Allentown's best and most popular teachers, but finding himself weakening under the effects of a pulmonary affection he regretfully retired from the profession, and for a time assisted his father, Mr. William Siegfried, in millwrighting, in the hope, that under the influence of more bodily exercise, he might rid himself of the malady, which then already had laid a strong hold on him. But this was not so to be. He slowly wasted away under the ravages of his besetting ailment, until finally, on the above day, the grim destroyer summoned him out of time into eternity. He was a man gifted with high mental endowments, and during his connection with the public schools of the city as a teacher, performed his duties with the utmost satisfaction. But he is gone! No more will his familiar face appear at the annual teachers' institute, no more will the kind, familiar voice supply instruction to eager young minds. He was known to most of our people, and much respected for his quiet, unostentatious manner, and his upright and consistent life. We knew him well, and but express the general sentiment when we say, that in the death of such men, the entire community are sufferers. He was regarded as one of the best citizens of our town, and his pleasant and courteous bearing toward all, made him hosts of warm friends, who mourn with sincere grief his early death. He was a son-in-law of Mr. Jonas Hartzell, and leaves a wife and child to mourn the loss of a kind husband and an affectionate father.—*Allentown Democrat.*

DIED.—On Christmas Day, Dec. 25, 1879, at the residence of his father, Andrew Light, Independent District, Lebanon Co., Pa, John Myer Light, Esq., aged 29 years, 10 months and 16 days.

The deceased was a member of the Lebanon Bar of several years' standing, and in full practice at the time of his death. He was a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College. He possessed a finely cultivated and strong legal mind, and was esteemed for his many genial and kind acts, and was regarded as a man of great honesty and integrity in all his dealings. He was a member of St. John's Reformed Church, and was confirmed by its pastor, Rev. Dr. Johnston. During his last illness, he gave himself to the great work of earnest preparation for the fatal crisis, which he saw steadily approaching. He partook of the Holy Communion, and died surrounded by his family, with an earnest prayer upon his lips for their welfare. Cut down in the bloom of life, in the midst of a brilliant earthly career, he murmured not, but resigned all into the hands of his heavenly Father, and passed into the joy of the immortals. His funeral was largely attended, and the occasion improved by his pastor, and the Rev. Dr. C. H. Leinbach, and the Revs. Shaeffer and Stalth of the United Brethren Church. Farewell! till we all meet again. T. S. J.

DIED.—In Lebanon, Pa., Feb. 5th, 1880, Lizzie, wife of Dr. James C. Johnston, aged 25 years and 28 days.

The deceased was the daughter of Dr. David B. Marshall, deceased, and grand daughter of Dr. John W. Gloninger, deceased. Cut down by the Divine will in the midst of health and prosperity, her death produced a profound impression upon the whole community. It was a sad and overwhelming stroke to her beloved mother, brother and husband. Having recently erected a beautiful mansion, and furnished it with all earthly comforts, they naturally looked forward to many scenes of domestic bliss. Happy in their relations, and full of joyful anticipation, life to them seemed to be all sunshine and peace. But the cloud was gathering, though they knew it not, and the decree went forth, and soon the storm raged, and in a few hours the fearful devastation was revealed, for their beloved one was still in death. Yet, amid blighted hopes, there arose a gleam of light, which tinged the retiring cloud with its brightness, beautifully spanning it with the bow of promise. The life we admired so much on earth was not extinguished: it entered a higher plane, and amid more congenial climes it blooms with vigor and beauty. We sum up all her excellencies of spirit, temper and conduct in one short sentence, She was a Christian. From the time of her confirmation, she was found faithful to all her duties, public and private. Her Christian life was manifest to all. The young find in her an example worthy of imitation. Her religion was practical, and has convinced all that she had been with Christ and learned of Him. The funeral services, which were largely attended by people of all denominations, were held in St. John's Reformed Church. Her remains were placed at the altar, where she and her husband had been confirmed, and often partook of the Holy Communion, and where, June 18th, 1878, they were united in holy matrimony. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Kremer, who paid a beautiful tribute to her memory. Her pastor, Rev. Dr. Johnston, occupied a seat with the mourners, to receive that consolation and instruction which he had so often given to others, but now needed himself. Thus it is with human life. Our circumstances are changing, our hopes are blasted, our prospects are blighted. Is this not to teach us the vanity of all earthly things? And to lead us to build upon the Rock of Ages? We sorrow, but blessed be God, not as those who have no hope, for we know that our beloved one sleeps in Jesus, and is blessed. T. S. J.

# Acknowledgments.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO PACIFIC COAST MISSIONS.

Reading, Pa.—D H Wingerd, pd, 1.00; D W Schaeffer, pd, 1.00; A B Wanner, pd, 2.00; Geo Baer, pd, 1.50; Total, $5 50. Rev J D Zahring's, Zion's Ref Ch, pd, 2.35; Jefferson Ch, pd, 8.91; Mrs Rev J D Zehring, pd, 1.00; Total, $12.26. Rev J Ault's, Christ's Ch chg, subscribed $25.00. Rev W K Zieber's, Hanover cong, pd, Mrs L Allbright, 5.00, (for Walla Walla), Mrs M Barnitz, 5.00; Jacob Sechler, 1.00; Sundry persons in the congregation, 9 33; Mr Henry Wirt, from the cong treas, 20.00, Total, $40.33. Rev Dr H Rust's 2d Ref Ch, Ladies' Society, Tiffin, O, (for Walla Walla), pd. 10.00, Mrs M Scheib, 2.00, Total, 12.00. Rev Dr E Eschbach's Evan. Luth. Ch, Frederick City, Md, pledge, $50.00. Rev N H Skyles, Jefferson chg, Md, pledge, $5.00. F. Fox.

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| Rec'd per Rev C Geary, Mt Moriah, mis chg, | $4 00 |
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| per W A Wilt, Treas, &c, from Emanuel chg. 20.76; Conawago, chg, 20.15, | 40 91 |
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| | $407 39 |

Fraternally yours,
WM. H. SEIBERT.

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## Youth's Department.

### ONLY, YET ALL.

Only a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift, flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so;
All! for I love my King.

All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift!
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

### "WASN'T IT LUCKY?"

"We've got a holiday—a holiday! I shall have a jolly day—a jolly day!"

That's what Charlie Bonsor said, as he came with a hop, skip, and jump into his mother's cottage one bright September morning, flung up his cap as high as the ceiling, and cut a few curious capers on the floor. Widow Bonsor, who had sent her son off to school, washed, brushed, and as neat as a new pin not an hour before, was quite surprised to see him return so soon.

"A holiday, Charlie?" said she. "Why, how is that?"

"Why, the tall chimney on the roof of Mr. Roantree's flour-mills was blown down by the storm last night, and fell right through to the school-room floor. Wasn't it a lucky chance, mother, that it happened in the night-time? Teacher says if it had fallen in school-hours it would have killed some of us, for the bricks are all in heaps just where we sit."

Widow Bonsor looked at her son, a bright, curly-haired, blue-eyed little fellow, some nine summers old, and her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the goodness of God in sparing her and other loving mothers such a dreadful calamity as that.

"Charlie, my boy," said she, "do you think it was 'luck' and 'chance' that saved my little son from a great peril and his mother from many bitter tears? When I stood at the door yesterday morning and watched you running off to school, swinging your satchel round your head, and singing,

"'Mother, mother, darling mother,
Never was there such another!'

I said—no, I prayed—'God bless my boy, and bring him safe home again!' I did the same thing this morning when you went away. Charlie, I think it was a kind providence of God that ordered it so that the dreadful crash came when nobody could be hurt. You call it 'luck;' I call it love. You call it 'chance;' I call it an answered prayer, and I am going to thank God for His goodness in sparing my little boy."

"Well, but, mother, you know it just *happened* to fall when we weren't there. I can't feel as though God had anything to do with it. If it had fallen when we were there, would God have kept it from hurting us?"

"He might have done that, my dear. Nothing can *happen*, as you call it, without His knowledge and permission, not even the falling of a sparrow, and I like to think that our Father in heaven is always near. You know what you read to me last night, 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' Charlie, my boy, let us always ask God's blessing and His care."

Charlie did not say any more. But he did what was quite as good—rather better, according to my thinking—for he thought a great deal about it, and that was just what his mother wanted, you know.

As Widow Bonsor and her boy were sitting at dinner, Charlie asked and obtained permission to go to Brockley Wood, which was not far off, to gather blackberries.

"I'll bring you some beauties, mother, for your tea," said Charlie. And I say bless him and every other boy in the world who takes care to bring the "beauties," whatever they may be, to his mother.

"Thank you, my dear," said his mother with a smile; "only come back safe yourself. Don't go climbing now, or getting into dangerous places."

"Oh, never fear, mother; I'll take care of myself," quoth Master Charlie, quite confidently.

"And I'll ask our heavenly Father to take care of you," said his mother; "that is the best of all."

Charlie Bonsor had quite an idea that his mother need not trouble to do that—"as though I were a little baby and wanted a nurse," thought he. "I can take care of myself."

Away he went to Brockley Wood, swinging the little basket in which he meant to bring the "beauties," over his head, and whistling as merrily as a healthy school-boy ought to do, especially when he's out for a holiday. He found blackberries very plentiful and "beauties" into the bargain, and in helping himself to his dessert he had a fine time of it. That business fairly done, Charlie amused himself by watching a couple of squirrels; then a splendid butterfly engaged his notice; then out came his pocket-knife, and he set himself to cut off and dress a long hazel "switch;" and thus the hours of his holiday were passing pleasantly by. Charlie had not noticed that the sky in the south was growing very gloomy indeed, and it was not until one big black pioneer cloud hid the face of the sun that he began to fear a coming storm. He hastened to fill his basket to the brim with the finest and ripest berries he could gather. Then the rain began to fall; big, heavy drops pattered on the bramble bushes and the beech-leaves faster and faster, until Charlie was glad to take refuge under a huge spreading beech-tree, beneath whose giant boughs he was almost as dry as if he were in his mother's cottage. By-and-by loud claps of thunder, which he had heard at first rumbling in the distance, came in quick succession, and the lightning flashed and flamed half across the sky. Our little blackberry gatherer was a good deal alarmed at this, but as the rain came down in torrents, he was very thankful for the comfortable shelter of the big beech-tree.

"Charlie, Charlie! Come here."

Charlie Bonsor started up from the trunk of the beech-tree against which he had been leaning, and looked this way and that to find out who had been calling him. It was a woman's voice, and at first he was half inclined to think it was his mother's. While he was thinking about it, half uncertain what to do, he heard it again, still more in earnest.

"Charlie, Charlie! Come, be quick!"

He rushed out of his shelter, plunged through the rain, and made his way to a little hand-gate, for that was where the voice seemed to come from. There was a little cottage close by it, and at the door a pleasant-looking woman was standing.

"If you please, I'm Charlie," said the little fellow. "What did you want?"

The woman smiled as she said, "But you are not my Charlie, you know. He was in the wood somewhere, and I was calling him to come out of the rain, which he did just in time. Come inside. Why, you must be wet through. Where have you been sheltering?"

"Yonder, ma'am," said Charlie, pointing to the big beech-tree, and even while his finger was still stretched, a flash of forked lightning struck the tree, split it in two with a loud, tearing crash, and then the fire seemed to bury itself in the ground below. Both the woman and the boy stood for a few moments in silence, looking at the shattered tree. Then the woman said,

"Thank God! What a mercy I called Charlie."

Charlie Bonsor burst into ters.

"O ma'am," said he, "if you hadn't called for your Charlie, my mother's Charlie would have been killed. Wasn't it—"

But Charlie couldn't say "lucky" this time. He lifted his blue eyes to the woman's, and then for a moment to the sky overhead, and said, almost in a whisper, "Our Father has taken care of me again."

The good woman couldn't keep the tears from her own eyes as she stroked his hair, kissed him for his mother's sake, and said,

"God is good to your mother and to you. You ought to be a good boy."

"And so I will," said Charlie; "and I will never talk about 'luck' any more as long as I live."

When the storm had passed, Charlie took his basket of blackberries and made the best of his way home. His mother was standing at the door, looking out anxiously for her little son, and her dear face lighted up with gladness when she saw him safe and sound. He told her all the story of his wonderful escape. Didn't she listen with a beating heart, think you? And didn't she thank God for bringing back her boy?

"Charlie, dear," said she, "you see you couldn't have 'taken care of yourself.'"

"I know, mother," said Charlie, as he flung his arms around her neck, "I want to thank our Father for taking care of me again. It isn't luck. It's because He is kind and because my mother prays."

There and then Widow Bonsor and her boy knelt down together, and gave God thanks for His great goodness. Charlie Bonsor is now an old man, and has white hair, and from that day to this he has never talked about "luck" and "chance," but he loves to talk about and trust in the gracious providence of God.—*Sunday at Home.*

### A PARABLE.

I held in my hand a little dry tree, an infant hemlock. Had it lived a century, it might have towered up above all the forest, and held up its head in majesty. But it grew on a sort of bog, and a muskrat, digging his hole under it, bit off its roots, and it was dead. It was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and I felt curious to know how it happened that it was so.

"Poor fellow! If you had all these limbs and knots to support, I don't wonder you died."

"And with my roots, which were my mouths with which to feed, all cut off too."

"Yes, but where do all these ugly limbs come from?" said I.

"Just where all ugly things come from," said he. "I am pretty much like you men. Find out where my limbs come from, and you will find where all human sins come from."

"I will take you at your word, sir."

So I took out my knife and peeled off all the bark. But the limbs and the knots were left.

"You must go deeper than that, sir."

So I began to split and take off layer of wood after layer. But all the knots were there.

"Deeper still," said the dry stick.

Then I split it all off, and separating it, the heart was laid bare; it looked like a small rod about six feet long, and perhaps an inch through at the large end. Ah! and I was now surprised to see that every limb and knot and gnarl started in the heart. The germ or the starting-point of each one was the center of the heart.—*Selected.*

### PURSUED BY PIGS.

The London *Telegraph* says:—Treed by pigs is not exactly the position in which we should expect to find a Colonial Secretary—at least not often. But when Mr. Fowler, Colonial Secretary of the Honduras, was recently exploring the interior of the colony, he was overtaken by a drove of peccaries, and had only time to take a snap shot at the first of them and scramble up a tree, dropping his rifle in the performance, before the whole pack were around his perch, gnashing their teeth at him, grunting, and sharpening their tusks against his tree. Now the peccary is not only ferocious but patient, and rather than let an object of its anger escape, will wait about for days, so that the Secretary had before him only two courses—either to remain where he was until he dropped down among the swine from sheer exhaustion and hunger, or else to commit suicide at once by coming down to be eaten there and then. While he was in this dilemma, however, what should come along—and looking out for supper, too—but a jaguar? Never was beast of prey so opportune, for the jaguar has a particular fondness for wild pork, and the peccaries know it, for no sooner did they see the great ruddy head thrust out through the bushes than they bolted helter-skelter, forgetting, in their desire to save their own bacon, the meal they were themselves leaving up the tree. The jaguar was off after the swine with admirable promptitude, and the Secretary, finding the coast clear, came down, reflecting, as he walked towards the camp, upon the admirable arrangements of Nature, who, having made peccaries to eat Colonial Secretaries, provided also jaguars to eat the peccaries.

### THE BIRD.

"Birdie, birdie, will you, pet?
Summer is far and far away yet,
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your head."

"I'd rather sleep on the ivy wall;
No rain comes through, though I hear it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing and wing away, away!"

"Oh! birdie, birdie, will you, pet?
Diamond stones and amber and jet
We'll string on a necklace fair and fine,
To please this pretty bird of mine."

"Oh! thanks for diamonds and thanks for jet;
But here is something daintier yet—
A feather necklace, round and round,
That I would not sell for a thousand pound!"

"Oh! birdie, birdie, won't you, pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet."

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air;
Good-bye, good-bye, to my lady fair."

—*William Allingham.*

### WILLIE WINKIE'S SACRIFICE.

One morning the bright, dancing blue eyes, which had given Willie this sobriquet, were glancing their merriest as he told Mark, the man-of-all-work, of a new hobby-horse his papa had promised him.

"Just the very biggest I can find in all the town, with the longest mane and tail, and a beautiful saddle and bridle. Mamma is to take me down this afternoon to pick it out."

In this manner he rattled on for some time. Finally, when his breath fairly gave out, he noticed a very sober look on Mark's face, usually so happy and good-natured.

"What makes you look so sober, Mark? Is it that you're not pleased about my pony?"

"Ah, no, Master Willie, I'm always best pleased when you are; but I can't help feeling a bit down-hearted this morning for thinking of my own bairn, who's not at all like yourself, but can't take a step because his legs be so badly crippled."

"Oh, please tell me all about him, Mark; I'm so sorry."

"It's going two years since the big wagon ran over him as he was a crossin' the street below there, and he's not put foot on the ground since. Yesterday he was worse, and the doctor told us that we couldn't hope to save him through the hot weather, but must lose him entirely, unless we could give him a good bit of fresh air every day. I made bold to ask him how could we do that, when he couldn't walk, and was too large to carry in arms. He said if we could get one of them wheeled wagons they make for such as he, with soft cushions, he could make it go with his hands, for they are all right, for all his legs be so bad; but, bless you, those wagons cost a mine of money, and I'll never be able to buy one; and so, you see, I'm like to lose my laddie, the only one I've got."

Willie was crying his bright eyes fairly out of his head, so deep was his sympathy for poor Mark and his boy. Straight to mamma with the sad story he went.

"Mamma, dear, can't we help poor Jamie?"

"I don't see how we can do very much for him, Willie. The doctor says he cannot live through the warm weather, unless he can be taken out into the open air every day for a good long while."

"Couldn't papa buy him one of those funny little wagons that the doctor spoke of?"

"No, dear, he could not, indeed. He said he could hardly afford the expense of your new pony; but that you had been such a good boy, waiting so patiently for so long a time for it, that he would try now and buy it for you."

Ah, what a long silence there was after mamma said this! By and by Willie went slowly out of the room. Mamma sent a little prayer after her darling as she heard him go upstairs. It was a whole hour before he opened the door of the sitting-room again, and, showing a face stained by the recent tear-drops, but wearing a very determined look nevertheless, said, quietly:

"Mamma, I'm not going to have any new hobby-horse."

"Why, my boy?"

"If I don't get one, will papa pay the money toward the wagon for poor Jamie, and will it be enough to buy one?"

"My precious, precious boy! I know he will do so most gladly, and it will be nearly or quite enough to get it, too. Anyway, the wagon shall be bought this very day, and papa and mamma will be so proud and thankful for their darling boy."

These words made Willie's heart throb for joy, and together they consulted papa about the matter, then went off with happy faces to select a chair, which Mark received that night from their hands, the grateful tears streaming down the cheeks of the honest man as he took the treasure.

"I'll never forget it of ye, Master Willie; never, never."

And he never did; for sweet, patient Jamie grew stronger every day, instead of weaker, through the summer. The doctor himself told our Willie that he had saved the boy's life, under the blessing of God. Ah, how the Willie Winkie blue eyes shone then! How thankful he was for the sacrifice he had made!—*Child's Paper.*

## Pleasantries.

"If you want a pug dog, madam," said a dog fancier to a would-be purchaser, "this here one's the dog; why his nose is just a turnin' somersets 'atween his ears all the time."

She banged her hair in the latest style,
And wore a dress of black;
And a pair of ten-buttoned kids,
And a long black sealskin sacque;
Her face was rouged, her eyes were blue,
Yet she stood as staid as a mummy;
But this was in front of a dry-goods store;
In fact, she was only a "dummy."

A big six-footer was lifting for all he was worth on a wagon wheel, which was stuck, when a little two-foot mite of humanity, nearly as broad as he was long, and just out of long dresses and into pants, with his hands in his pockets and a swaggering air, sang out:—"Mister, do you want me to help you? I can grunt while you lift."

"Ah, you don't know what musical enthusiasm is!" said a music-mad miss to Tom Hood. "Excuse me, madam, but I think I do." "Well, what is it, Mr. Hood?" "Musical enthusiasm is like turtle-soup," answered the wit thoughtfully. "What do you mean, Mr. Hood?" asked the lady. "What possible resemblance is there?" "Why, for every quart of real there are ninety-nine gallons of mock, and calves-head in proportion!"

A colored minister in Georgia was brought to trial before the deacons of his church for stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired; and afterward returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am acwitted of the sinuations dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shode dat sumbody else miten't have been wearin' his cloze, but de brudder is hereby 'fectionately warned dat in future he must be more keerful."

## Religious Intelligence.

### Home.

The Sisters of Charity in the United States numbered recently 1,179, in charge of 108 establishments.

Chicago has eight Reformed Episcopal Churches and ten clergymen. Christ Church and St. Paul's, the two principal parishes, each own property worth from $75,000 to $100,000, and are free from debt.

Rev. William L. Woodruff, of Kansas City, formerly a Congregational minister in Connecticut, has applied for Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has been licensed as lay reader in Grace Church, Kansas City.

Rev. Dr. Dashiell, senior Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, whose health is in so precarious a condition, has been made the recipient of $16,000 as a testimony of the good will of a number of his friends.

Church singers are proverbially sensitive. The leading singer in a Presbyterian Church in Brockport, N. Y., was offended because the pastor expressed himself in opposition to Ingersoll's infidelity, of which said singer was a great admirer. To emphasize his displeasure he "resigned."

Four inspectors of election in Philadelphia have been convicted of making a fraudulent return, and, in the case of two of them, three Presbyterian clergymen testified to their good character as devoted sons, Sunday-school teachers, etc. The judge very properly fined each of the culprits $100 and sentenced them to a year's imprisonment. So long as ministers think cheating at election is compatible with Christian character there is little hope for improved morals in politics.—*Baptist Weekly.*

The supreme court of Georgia has decided that the church cannot, as a corporation, engage in the sale of tickets to the public for an excursion on board a steamer which the church has chartered for the occasion. Expenses incurred with a view to profit, and profits lost, cannot be recovered from the owners of the vessel on their failure to make the stipulated voyage. Excursions, as a matter of trade or business with the public, are not within the means or ends for which the church was incorporated. The measure of damages in a suit by the church against the owners is the amount paid as hire for the vessel.

### Abroad.

A mission to lepers was established in India last year, through the efforts of the Rev. W. C. Bailey, of the Church of Scotland; and as there are nearly 100,000 lepers in India, the society has a very extensive field.

A Baptist church in Virginia, on the St. Paul's river, Liberia, has received over 70 native Africans within two years. It has no pecuniary aid from any missionary society, and is preparing to establish a mission station in the interior.

More than 9,000 persons attended on the 21st ult. the masses solemnized at the Chapelle Expiatoire, in the Rue d'Anjou, Paris, between the hours of 7 and noon, for the rest of the soul of Louis XVI. Bread to the value of $1,200 was distributed among the poor at the end of the day.

A decree of toleration to the Baptist churches in Russia has just been published there. It provides:—First. That their worship is henceforward unhindered, and, indeed, expressly permitted throughout the Russian Empire. Second. That civil marriage is introduced, with express recognition of the marriages already celebrated by the Baptist pastors.

A well-known South African missionary, who was consulted on the subject, has advised against the proposed erection of a large memorial cross on the field of Isandula, inasmuch as the native mind would be sure to identify the Christian emblem with butchery, or, at the best, the Zulus will look upon it as the Englishman's symbol of the god of war.

The Chinese Religious Tract Society some time since offered a prize for the best tract on Fung-shin, the great popular superstition of China, which runs through all the thoughts and actions of the people. Twenty essays were presented, from which five were selected, out of which one is yet to be chosen. The subject is one of great importance in connection with the spread of the gospel and the downfall of paganism in the Celestial Empire.

The Congregationalists have in England and Wales 2,907 churches, besides 1,250 branches and preaching stations. During the past year fifteen new churches have been formed and forty-five chapels have been built anew or reconstructed. In Scotland the same denomination has 106 churches, in Ireland 30, in Canada 121, and in India 172. Their strength in England and Wales is further shown in the fact that they have thirteen colleges there with 469 students.

Cardinal Manning denies that there is any conflict between himself and the Jesuits in England, and says that the bishops have only asked for instructions from the Pope to supplement the Constitution given by Benedict XIV., in 1753, the great change in the position of English Catholics since that time having given rise to a number of duties that could not have been foreseen in that document, and which fall upon the regular clergy engaged in the care of souls, as well as upon the secular clergy.

ROME, Feb. 17.—The Latin text of the Papal encyclical letter against divorce fills twelve columns of the *Osservatore Romano.*

It argues in favor of the removal of the rite of marriage from all civil jurisdiction whatsoever. It traces the history of marriage from patriarchal to Catholic times, and declares that Christ elevated it to a sacrament, which only His Church can administer.

The attempt made under various guises by the modern spirit of irreligion to rob the Church of her right either to bind or loose the marriage tie must be resisted by the whole Catholic world.

His Holiness indicates the condition whereunder a separation of husband and wife may be sanctioned by the Church, and concludes with an exhortation to the universal episcopate to communicate his teaching to the faithful for their welfare in both worlds.

## Books and Periodicals.

We have received from I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers, 21 & 23 Barclay St., New York, the first number of their standard series, containing "John Ploughman's Talk, or Plain Advice to Plain People," by Charles H. Spurgeon, and the "Choice of Books," by Thomas Carlyle. Price 12 cents.

The following are the contents of THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY for February: Sermonic—"Preaching," by O. H. Tiffany, D. D.; "The First Note of my Song," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; "Without Fruit," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; "The Best-Told Story," by D. H. Wheeler, D. D.; "A Solace for Anxious Thoughts," by John Hall, D. D.; "The Fruitless Fig Tree," by Rev. H. B. Hitchings; "The Love of God," by Joseph Parker, D. D.; "Christian Watchfulness," by Rev. Frederick Courtney; Dedicatory Service: "Personal Consecration," by Rev. Prof. E. P. Thwing; "Children's Service: "The Great Light," by Rev. J. H. Goodell; "The Visit of the Shepherds," by George Lansing Taylor, D. D.; "Hindrances," by Rev. John Richardson. These are followed by a number of "Hints at the Meaning of Texts." Many of the sermons are very able. The first three are given entire. Drs. Cuyler's Deems', and Taylor's able papers are continued. We have much interest in the way of "Sermonic Criticism," "Preachers Exchanging Views," "Prayer-meeting Service," etc. This MONTHLY is of great value to clergymen, and all students of the Bible. It grows continually in interest. $2.50 per year; 25 cents single number. I. K. FUNK & CO., N. York.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 7th and 14th respectively, have the following contents: The Force Behind Nature, by Dr. WM. B. CARPENTER, *Modern Review;* The Roman Breviary, Bush-Life in Queensland, Contrarieties of Medicine, and Pindar's Hymn to Persephone, *Blackwood;* The Character and Writings of Cyrus the Great, The Letters of the Late Mr. Dickens, and Justinian, *Contemporary;* Old Fashioned Gardening, *Nineteenth Century;* Earth-bound; a Story of the Seen and the Unseen, by MRS. OLIPHANT, *Fraser;* Fighting Fitzgerald, *Cornhill;* Windfalls, Confidants, and The Restoration of the Jews, *Spectator;* The Color of the Sea, *Science for All;* Flow of Viscous Materials, a Model Glacier, *Nature;* with an instalment of "He who will not when he may," by Mrs. Oliphant, and the usual amount of poetry.

The serial story above mentioned, by Mrs. Oliphant, and another by the author of "Dorothy Fox," have been recently begun, and the publishers present to new subscribers for 1880 the six numbers of 1879 which contain the opening chapters of both.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, including the extra numbers of the latter, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

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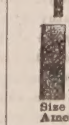
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*Time Table, in Effect Jan. 1st, 1880.*

| UP TRAINS. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lve. Harrisburg.... | 8:00 | 1:35 | 4:15 | 9:10 |
| Arr. Carlisle,..... | 9:00 | 2:35 | 6:15 | 10:10 |
| " Chambersburg | 10:30 | 4:00 | 6:45 | P. M. |
| " Hagerstown... | 11:30 | 5:00 | P. M. | |
| " Martinsburg.. | 12:50 | 6:20 | | |
| DOWN TRAINS. | A.M. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M. |
| Lve. Martinsburg... | | 7:00 | | 2:00 |
| " Hagerstown.... | | 8:25 | | 3:25 |
| " Chambersburg | | 9:30 | 1:00 | 4:33 |
| " Carlisle..... | 6:00 | 10:55 | 2:20 | 6:00 |
| Arr. Harrisburg..... | 7:00 | 11:55 | 3:20 | 7:00 |
| | A. M. | A. M. | P. M. | P. M |

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# General News.

## DOMESTIC.

The Postmaster General issued his order, last week, reducing the mail service on the "Star" routes to one trip per week.

The U. S. Senate has passed bills providing for the delivery of dutiable articles in the mails, and for indemnity for loss of registered articles.

Another terrible conflagration occurred on Broadway, New York. Two firemen perished by the falling in of a roof upon which they were engaged. Their charred remains were scarcely recognizable when taken out.

The House Committee on Public Buildings last week reconsidered its determination not to report any more bills for the present, and decided to report on Monday next a bill appropriating $550,000 for the purchase of a site for a new post-office in Baltimore.

The Senate Committee on Territories has agreed to report favorably a bill establishing a U. S. District Court for the Indian Territory, and providing for the acquirement of citizenship by the Indians and the allotment of lands to them in severalty, under prescribed conditions.

The fund for the relief of distress in Ireland thus far contributed by the United States and the Dominion of Canada to February 22d was estimated at $667,600 This is exclusive of the $100,000 proposed to be voted by the Canadian Parliament. It is exclusive also of 200 emigrant tickets sent out by the New York Fermanagh Fund to the committee at Enniskillen. The New York *Herald* fund, embraced in the above, amounted to $237,101.

San Francisco, Feb. 21.—Late yesterday afternoon, a warrant was issued for the arrest of Tiburcio Parrott, of the firm of Parrott & Co., on a charge of employing Chinese in the service of the Sulphur Bank Quicksilver Mining Company, of which Parrott is President. The case has been made up to test the constitutionality of the act recently passed by the Legislature prohibiting corporations from employing Chinese.

In the House, the bill amending and re-enacting section 22 of the Texas Pacific Railroad act was reported, ordered to be printed and recommitted. Several bills were introduced and referred, among them one by Mr. Stevens, of Illinois, to place certain articles, imported and used in the manufacture of paper, on the free list. The Senate bill authorizing the detail of a naval vessel to carry contributions for the relief of the suffering poor in Ireland was taken from the Speaker's table and passed.

Ohio has now a school population of 1,043,849. The number of pupils enrolled in the public schools is 734,657; the average daily attendance is only 459,990. There are 10,874 school houses, and 23,487 teachers. The school receipts for the past year amounted to $11,243,210 38; the expenditures, $7,711,325.24. The average monthly wages of male teachers in country districts were $35; of female teachers, $24. In cities, male teachers received $59; female teachers, $42. The average levy for school purposes in the country districts was 3.10 mills; in towns, 6.30.

The Senate of Maryland has passed a bill from the House punishing by fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court, "any person who shall, by loud and unseemly noise, create disturbance in any neighborhood in any city or town, or who shall profanely curse and swear, or use obscene language on or near any street or highway, within the hearing of any person passing." It seems to be the general opinion in Annapolis that, if the Governor shall sign the bill "and the law be enforced for swearing, a number of new jails will be require."

The sale of twelve thousand separate lots of articles which have accumulated in the Dead Letter Office at Washington has just been held. Among the articles so carelessly mailed that no clew can be discovered to their ownership are gold watches, chains, rings and jewelry of all kinds; every description of wearing apparel, from men's overalls to babies' socks, books and pictures by the thousand; musical instruments, clocks, bed quilts, nails and hardware of almost all descriptions (including iron castings for machinery); perfumery, tobacco and cigars; cheese (not excepting the Limburger variety), and almost all other sorts of ordinary shop merchandise, besides "miscellaneous articles" less susceptible of classification, which range from artificial teeth and false hair to stuffed birds and geological specimens.

A careful examination has been made of all the treaties entered into by the United States regarding the subject of interoceanic canals, and it has been discovered that in two or three treaties, especially in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, its provisions interfere considerably with any positson this Government might feel justified in taking. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, in very specific terms, obligates the United States to guarantee the neutrality of any canal that may be projected under any auspices. For these reasons it is now very doubtful whether, in transmitting the information asked by Congress, the President will make any mention of the Monroe doctrine. A member of the Cabinet said a few days ago, that this information would be forwarded without any message or any comment whatever.

On complaint of the Produce Exchange, Magistrate List, on Saturday, issued warrants against certain parties, who are alleged to be dealing in the new kind of butter known as "oleomargarine," in violation of the act of Assembly relating thereto, which provides "that every person who shall manufacture for sale, or who shall sell, or offer to sell, any article in the semblance of butter, which is not the legitimate product of the dairy, and not made exclusively of milk or cream, but into which the oil or fat of animals not produced from milk enters as a component part, or into which melted butter or any oil thereof has been introduced to take the place of cream, shall conspicuously and durably stamp, brand, or mark upon every tub, firkin, box or package of such article or substance the word oleomargarine in type or letters not less than one half inch; and in case of retail sale of such article or substance in parcels the seller shall in all cases deliver therewith to the purchaser a written or printed label, bearing the plainly written word, 'Oleomargarine,' in type or letters aforesaid." The law affixes as a penalty for a violation of it, first a fine of $100; and secondly, either a fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court.

## FOREIGN.

Moscow, Feb. 22.—A fire broke out yesterday in the Academy of Forest Culture, and the entire building, which was capable of accommodating three hundred students and included a museum containing valuable collections, was destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown. When the fire was discovered some students were arrested.

London, Feb. 16.—The Duchess of Marlborough, in her letter to the Lord Mayor of London, acknowledging the receipt of £2,000, says: "The danger of famine appears to be over. If the charity of the public continues to be exercised no person in Ireland need be allowed to die for lack of food; but the committee, in order to bring their labors to a successful close, must spend over £40,000 per week for six weeks."

St. Petersburg, Feb. 21.—An official despatch from Douzolum, dated on February 15th, says that an engagement has occurred between the Russian troops and Turcomans, in which the latter were completely defeated, with the loss of twenty-five killed. They were pursued a distance of forty versts, when nightfall preserved the enemy from total annihilation. There were no losses on the Russian side.

London, Feb. 21.—A despatch from Rome to the *Standard* says: "Strictly confidential reports respecting the nature of the agitation in Ireland have reached the Pope, which show that three fourths of it are due to a spirit of Socialism. Very precise instructions to the Irish Bishops, therefore, are being prepared, exhorting them to take care that in relieving distress they do not play into the hands of those who are working for a political object."

Paris, Feb. 21.—The *Temps* publishes a letter from St. Petersburg, which says: "The news from the interior of the Empire is heartrending. Famine and diphtheria are decimating the population. The provinces of Seratoff and Kief, which annually export, in ordinary times, enormous quantities of grain, had scarcely any crop last year. The calamity is aggravated by the want of fodder for cattle, the peasants being forced to sell them. In the Caucasus the famine is still greater, and people are committing suicide and selling their children.

London, Feb, 16.—The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* confirms the report that no fears are now felt that anybody will die in Ireland of starvation, but he says that there are some very sad exceptions to the general improvement noted, and that severe distress is felt in many places.

There is considerable suffering among the small farmers in Ulster, who are too proud to complain. Fever has appeared in some districts in the south—in Tipperary and West Cork—in consequence of destitution. Relief has been given, but it has come late and is of no kind suited to the sufferers.

London, Feb. 16.—Mr. Charles Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist divine, preaching at the Metropolitan Tabernacle yesterday for the first time since his return from Mentone, Italy, said that England's rulers were making bloody wars and oppressing nations; that they encouraged and consoled themselves with the reflection: "We are a great people, and 'by jingo' we do what we like; it will all come right in the end; but they should remember that pride went before a fall. The proudest and haughtiest of men and nations would yet be brought low. God's chastisements when they did come would be be terrible even unto destruction.

Numerous cases of depredations by wolves have recently occurred in Hungary. A band of these animals passed through one of the suburbs of Temesvar, destroying any animal which was not housed. A clergyman who was returning home in a sledge from a neighboring town was beset by a pack of wolves. He bade the driver make all possible speed; but at a sharp turning the sledge-was upset, the clergyman was thrown out, and torn to pieces before the eyes of the terrified driver. In a country village a few wolves came boldly at mid-day into the inn-yard and devoured an ass; and at Szalouta a shepherd was killed and eaten as he was passing along the road at night.

A paragraph in the *Kolnische Zietung* warns the public of the inflammability of celluloid. People who wear bracelets, combs, and other articles made of it are cautioned not to expose them to a temperature of more than 150 to 190 degrees Centigrade.

# Farm and Garden.

A cow will yield a greater weight in butter than she can store up in fat. An animal might give the product of two pounds of butter in a day, while one-half that quantity could be laid on in fat.

Denmark has an insurance company against damage to crops by hailstorms. Hailstorms are quite frequent in the spring of the year in the countries around the Baltic, though it is only occcasionally that the hailstones are large enough to do severe harm. The company is said to be liberally patronized by the farmers.

Cows that have access to water at all times will drink often, but little at the time, and return to their feeding. Cows deprived of a sufficient supply of water fail in milk and flesh, and when they are allowed to fail, it is almost impossible to bring them back to their proper yield of milk and condition of flesh, at least without extra expense and trouble.

A most valuable remedy for heaves and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of rosin, one pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslaked lime, one pound of epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream tartar. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed before watering.

In order to keep their butter over the period of low prices and hot weather, California diarymen seal up their products in tin cans, sinking them in the bottom of cold streams. Butter made in April comes out in October in good order and continues to keep fresh in the cool weather of winter. Forty-four pound cans are commonly used. Isn't this worth a trial here?

WINTER FEED FOR STOCK.—The large quantities of dry, woody and indigestible food consumed by stock in winter tax the digestive organs very severely, and constipation, congestion, etc., are ever threatening dangers to the health of the stock. A moderate quantity of roots or green food in the season of dry feed acts as beneficially on the stock as fruit and fresh vegetables do on the human system in the course of the long, cold season, when no perspiration purges the skin. In the season of verdure and plant-growing, fresh vegetable food is so common a portion of our daily diet that we scarcely notice the fact. And so it is with the animals.

BUTTER-MAKING.—If I have made a discovery, or if everybody knew it before me, I will tell it all the same. As soon as the cream shows signs of "coming," pour into the churn two or three quarts of water—as near ice-cold as it is possible to get—and the butter will gather a great deal quicker and come hard and firm. I tried the cold water (ice water) on the star, and found it made the cream too cold, and kept the butter from coming; but put in at the last end it is a capital idea and will save hours of churning in the course of the season. Butter will come in fifteen or twenty minutes, as a rule, if the cream is in the right condition and temperature. A cool cellar is cool enough to start the churning, and as near right as most farmers can get it without thermometers and ice, and cold well-water will lower the temperature for gathering. The temperature of our cellar is 64 degrees, and the butter invariably comes quick, with the help of the cold water, which is probably two degrees colder. When the cream stands too long on the milk before skimming the butter will not come so quickly, and it is always poorer, and such butter will not keep well. This is one reason, and the main one, why there is so much rancid butter. Better churn often and have good, sweet butter, and skim oftener also.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HAVE A FISH POND IF YOU CAN.—It is not every farm that can have a fish-pond on it, but there are many farms that could have them as well as not. Wherever there is a good, strong spring to feed it, there a profitable fish pond can be made. Hundreds of farms have swamps or marshes too low to drain without great expense, and fed by springs, and these could be turned to profitable account by turning them into fish ponds. We don't mean profitable in the way of making money, but in saving it. The flesh of fish is a wholesome diet, better every way than so much fat or measly pork. We know plenty of farmers who scarcely taste fish from one year to another. Not because they are not fond of fish, but because they can't get them without going some distance after them and paying a good price in the bargain. A pond of an acre or so in extent, stocked with varieties adapted to the place, would furnish abundance of the very best meat, costing nothing to produce it, either. As to the catching, it is only sport, and that part can be safely delegated to the boys or girls. We are sure, also, that such an institution on the farm would be one of its chief attractions, if your boys are inclined to leave the farm. We write from knowledge in this matter, having in earlier days caught many a "nice string" of fish in a pond that was formerly a swamp. During one dry August the owner, with two of his boys, went into it with a plow, scraper and shovel, and in a short time had a pond of nearly an acre in extent. This he stocked with fish common to the sluggish streams of the neighborhood, and some procured at a distance, and for years thereafter it proved to be the best acre on the place.—*Exchange.*

## THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 21, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FLOUR. | Wheat, Superfine | $ 4.75@5.10 |
| | " Extra Family | 6.50@7.00 |
| | " Fancy | 7.50@8.50 |
| | Rye | 4.87½@5.00 |
| | Corn meal | 2.45@3.12½ |
| | Buckwheat meal per 100lbs | 1.60@2.00 |
| GRAIN. | Wheat, White | 1.44@1.45 |
| | " Red | 1.42½@1.43½ |
| | Rye | 90@95 |
| | Corn, Yellow | 57@57½ |
| | " White | 55@60 |
| | Oats | 46@46½ |
| | Barley two rowed | 67@75 |
| | Barley Malt, two rowed | 80@90 |
| GROCERIES. | Sugar, Cuba | 7½@7¾ |
| | " Refined cut loaf | 9¾@10 |
| | " " crushed | 9¾@10 |
| | " " powdered | 9½@9½ |
| | " " granulated | 9½@10 |
| | " " A | 9¼@9½ |
| | Coffee, Rio, gold | 14½@16½ |
| | " Maracaibo, gold | 14@20 |
| | " Laguayra, gold | 15½@17 |
| | " Java, gold | 24@25 |
| PROVISIONS. | Mess Pork | 13.00@13 50 |
| | Dried Beef | 12@13 |
| | Sugar cured Hams | 8½@9½ |
| | Lard | 7⅞@8½ |
| | Butter, Roll extra | 20@22 |
| | " Roll Common | 14@16 |
| | " Prints, extra | 30@35 |
| | " " Common | 22@26 |
| | " Grease | 6@7 |
| | Eggs | 14½@15 |
| SEEDS. | Clover, per 100lbs | 8.00@8 25 |
| | Timothy, per bushel | 3.25@3.37½ |
| | Flax " " | 1.60@1.65 |
| PLASTER. | White | 3.00@3.25 |
| | Blue | 2.50@3.05 |

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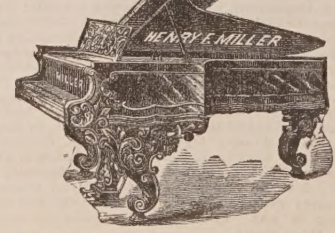


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